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KING EDWARD THE FIRST
BY GEORGE PEELE
1593

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1911

This reprint of Peele's *Edward I* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Oct. 1911. W. W. Greg.

Peele's play was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company as follows:

viij° Die Octobris./. [1593]

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens an enterlude entituled the Chronicle of Kinge Edward the firste surnamed Longeshank with his Retourne out of the Holye Lande, with the lyfe of Leublen Rebell in Wales with the sinkinge of Quene Elinour . . . . . vj^d/ Abell Ieffes

[Arber's Transcript, II. 637.]

An edition duly appeared with the date 1593, printed by Jeffes and sold for him by William Barley in Gracechurch street. It is a quarto printed in the usual roman type of a body similar to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Copies are preserved in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum: both have been collated throughout for the present reprint, each proving to have an uncorrected page, the former sig. L 2 recto, the latter sig. B 2 verso. In both copies the last leaf, presumably blank, is missing. The original is a very ordinary piece of presswork of the time, composed with tolerable care but representing a very corrupt text. Moreover, in spite of the unusual length of the play as it has come down to us, it would yet seem that it has been mutilated and possibly some scenes altogether excised. What should have lead to a second edition of the play being published, still more why any special care should have been bestowed upon it, is not clear. Nevertheless the fact remains that a second edition appeared in 1599 very tastefully printed in a much smaller type than its predecessor (20 ll. = 68 mm.). The printer was William White, to whom Jeffes had transferred his rights on 13 August 1599 (Arber, III. 146). No book-

seller's name appears. Again, on 14 August 1600, White made over the play to Thomas Pavier (Arber, III. 169), but no further edition is known.

The authorship is attested in the printed editions by a curious colophon evidently copied from the manuscript. A play named *Longshanks* appears repeatedly in Henslowe's Diary (fols. 12b–15b, 21b, 107a). It was performed as a new play by the Lord Admiral's company at the Rose on 29 August 1595, and at least thirteen subsequent performances are recorded before the middle of July of the next year. It is possible that this may have been Peele's play, the entry of it as a new piece being accounted for by the fact of its being new to the company and having very likely undergone revision. The play was the personal property of Edward Alleyn, which points to its having been an old piece, and together with *Philip of Spain*, of which nothing else is known, was sold by him to the Admiral's men on 8 August 1602 for the sum of £4.

For convenience of reference the play has been divided into scenes by a marginal numbering. The division follows that given in A. H. Bullen's edition, but the text is so corrupt as to make not only all attempt at scenic arrangement, but even the dramatis personae, often very doubtful.

List of Doubtful Readings

including variants between the quartos of 1593 and 1599

(N.B.—This list is not intended to include all the errors or irregularities of the original edition, being for the most part confined to readings as to which some possible doubt exists in the copies examined and to trifling variations between those copies. The two editions agree closely: the list of variants does not purport to include differences of spelling or punctuation, or obvious misprints of the later quarto. In general the punctuation is considerably improved in the edition of 1599, and the spelling somewhat modernized. There are, however, a good many fresh misprints, though some of the old ones are corrected. It clearly possesses no independent authority.)

Title, l. 3 Edward
114 affaires: 1593: affaire 1599
132 m y daye,
174 *Da.* '93: *Dauid* '99
179 ſouldiers: (?)
193 *ſhee* '93: *Shee* '99
205 pounds: '93: poundes. '99
242 one '93: owne '99
252 ſhowres, (s *doubtful*)
255 ſtate: '93: eſtate: '99
260 admire, (?)
266 of '93: of the '99
276 c.w. Diſdai- (277 Diſdaning)
288 King like '93: King-like '99
302 tariterous '93: traiterous '99
310 Æliner. '93: *Eliner.* '99
328 winne (*Bodl.*: winue *B.M.*) '93: winne '99
353 haue, '93: haue. '99
386 Sanct '93: Sainct '99
390 ſet '93: ſit '99
414 had '93: haue '99
425 pray you, & '93: pray, and '99
432 *Guenth.* '93: *Guenthian* '99
439 neeere. '93: neare. '99
449 Ye '93: Yea '99
484–5 (*one line in* '99)
510 Goſcup? '93: Gooſecap? '99
533 *Carmarthen* (? *Carnaruon* see l. 547)
540 a '93: he '99
564–5 (*one line in* '99)
581 ſuune, '93: ſunne: '99
601–2 (*one line in* '99)
606 yo ur '93: your '99
641 *Mont argis* '93: *Montargis* '99
642 ſay in '93: ſay I in '99
644 *Lluel* '93: *Lluel.* '99
645 beautions '93: beautious '99

680 whot '93 : hot '99
697 compound: (*colon turned*)
711 the '93 : this '99
732 ſtriue d,
780 earrhlie '93: earthlie '99
782 Bo unteo us (?, *the whole of the corner of this page is rather loose*)
854 trie '93 : tie '99
869 flies, '93 : flie ; '99
870 Inſpeakeable (*first* e *doubtful*)
894 our '93 : your '99
898 Io,ught '93 : I, ought '99
907 thy '93 : the '99
925 thirſſie '93 : thirſtie '99
926 long. '93 : long, '99
929 thinkſt '93: thinkeſt '99
1039 my '93 : may '99
1047 *Lluel* '93 : *Lluel.* '99
1058 *Sold.* (point doubtful)
1062 Aud '93 : And '99
1065 *Sold.* (point doubtful)
1097 *Fuellen* '93 : *Lluellen* '99
1105 *litter.* '93 : *Litter,* '99
1107 pantables. '93 : Pantaphels. '99
1111 romple not, '93 : romple it not, '99
1133 frogges '93 : fogges '99
1136 ſweetens '93 : ſweetneſſe, '99
1204 *Long* '93 : *Longs.* '99
1211 *Qu* '93 : *Qu.* '99
1212 whote '93 : hot '99
1228 theare. '93 : th'eare. '99
1243 roode, '93, '99
1244 harm e. (?)
1257 *Veniacion* '93 : *Veniacian* '99
Katherina '93: *Katherine* '99
1285 *Lluellen.* (point doubtful)
1288 tnrnd '93 : turnd '99
1294 his '93 : this '99
1298 take '93 : rake '99
1300 that '93 : thats '99
Kice '93 , *Rice* '99
1301 hers '93 : heers '99
1307 har '93 : her '99
1312 ſſeepe '93 : ſleepe '99
1323 *Manmocke* '93, '99
1342 quechy '93 : queſie '99
1350 tyſet '93 : tyſt '99
1355 not be '93 : not to be '99
1357 flies. (*turned point*)
1369 *Lluelleu* '93: *Lluellen* '99
1383 ſweere '93 : ſweete '99
1399 an d
1411 Potter '93 : Porter '99
1440 hand '93 : band '99
1442 ſoug '93 : ſong '99
1444 brolde '93 : bralde '99
1472 miſters '93 : miſtres '99
1487 dined '93 : diued '99
1517 ſhort en
1519 Crucifige '93 : Crucifixe '99
1549 yoke : (?)
1571 therethinke '93 : there thinke '99
meſſage '93: meſſags '99
1581 manie a daie. '93 : manie daie. '99
1593 beatuous '93: beautuous '99
1610 *Emund* '93 : *Edmund* '99
hers '93 : heers '99
1617 in now '93 : me, now '99
1618 with my '93 : with the '99
1628 thine, (? mine,)
1635 Dereare '93 : Deare are '99

1640 *Ione*, '93 : *Ione*. '99
1648 *Clace* '93 : *Gloſter*, '99
1670 *Eduuund*.
1671 nappe, '93 : nappe. '99
1672 hold in '93 : hold it in '99
lappe, '93 : lappe. '99
1677 Wales, '93 : Wales? '99
1678 *Mun*, '93 : mun, '99
1710 Enlands '93 : Englands '99
1745 houſheld '93 : houſhold '99
1747 Q. (*point doubtful*) '93 : Queene '99
1760 warm, '93 : warme. '99
1762 fie '93 : hee '99
1767 prefume '93, '99
1816 bleede. (*turned point*)
1859 my praies '93 : my prayer '99
1872 ſight '93 : light '99
1876 all. (?)
1877 pure '93 : true '99
1889 beleeue '93 : Beleeue '99
wemen '93 : wee-men '99
1891 VVe men '93 : We-men '99
1892 will,(?, *no trace of comma, but space enough*)
women are women, '93 : wemen are wemen ; '99
1904 carpell in '93 : carpellin '99
1922 redde '93 : read '99
1942 S '93 : *S*. '99
1952 abids '93 : a bids '99
1954 you carrie '93 : you to carrie '99
1991 mountain '93 : mountaine, '99
1994–6 Frier, . . . deſire : . . . deuiſe, . . . diſe. (*as four lines of verse in* '99)
2007 ouer '93 : ouer, '99
2016 *Busling* '93 : *Buſtling* '99
2031 as (s *very doubtful, trace in B.M. only*) '93 : as '99
2036 meſſeugers '93 : meſſengers '99
2060 lope '93 : lop '99
2065 ende : (?)
2075 darſt '93 : dareſt '99
2088 *Dauy*. (point doubtful)
2103 aie '93 : Aie '99
2133 *Harrolds* '93 : *Heraldes* '99
2149 lords '93 : Lords '99
2158 *kiſſes* '93 : *kiſſeth* '99
2161 God '93 : Gods '99
2162 thim '93 : him '99
2170 No thing
2186 *Verſſes* '93 : *Verſſes*. '99
2215 broughſt '93, '99
2218 Diſloge '93 : Diſlodge '99
2229 warlicke '93 : warlike '99
2231 VVarwicke '93 : Barwicke '99
2240 iourneis '93 : iournies '99
2267 Ierem '93 : Ierome '99
2280 dainted '93 : daunted '99
2282 threating '93 : threatning '99
2288 gaue '93 : giue '99
2336 *Katherina* '93 : *Katherine* '99
2340 Autor '93 : author '99
2345 s.d. (*after* 2346 *in* '99)
2351 ſoror '93 : ſorar '99
2372 *ſtaffe* : (?)

2373 coutenance '93 : countenance '99
2388 (play-)ingt he '93 : playing the '99
rachell '93, '99
2389 whot '93 : hot '99
2395 *ſong* '93 : *ſung* '99
2412 ro '93 : to '99
2421 the '93 : her '99
2427 K. '93 : King '99
2439 bread. '93 : bread, '99
2450 Tragedy,'93: Tragedie. '99
2480 *Edward* '93 : *Edvvard.* '99
2481 good, (?)
2484 *Edmund.* (? *Edward.*)
2501 windes. '93 : mindes, '99
2505 fllig, '93 : flig, '99
2523 Goſsipſe '93 : Goſsips '99
2527 *Poaters* '93 : *Potters* '99
2548 therfoere '93 : therefore '99
2576 *Meſſeng* '93 : *Meſſeng.* '99
2616 Fathers '93 : Father '99
2631 *Harper.* '93 : *Harper,* '99
2649 one '93 : owne '99
2653–4 (*as two lines of verse in* '99)
2658–9, 2660–1 (*each one line in* '99)
2664 yee '93 : you '99
2687 makereſiſt '93 : make reſiſt '99
2720 ineternall '93, '99
2735 wiſedomes '93 : wiſedome '99
2746 follow '93 : fellow '99
2753 couch '93 : touch '99
2757 *in fandum* '93 : *in ſandum* (?) '99
2762 heat '93 : hart '99
2775 anued '93, '99
2817 nor how '93 : not how '99
2818 *King.* (*n* doubtful)
2838 From (m *doubtful*)
2847 in '93 : me '99
we '93 : woe '99
2865 hard (*B.M.*: ard *Bodl.*: *read* heard) '93 : hard '99
leſſe, '93 : leſſe. '99
2872 *Porce ine* '93 : *Por ce ine* '99
2873 *bocea* (B.M.: *becea* (?) Bodl.: read *bocca*) '93: *bocea* '99
gli ſproni '93 : *gliſprons* '99
2874 *humani*, '93 : *humans* '99
2875 *oſcunro*, '93, '99
2877 Nurſe '93 : Curſe '99
2933 chanceſſ (*or* ? chanceſt) '93: chanceſt '99
2971 whie '93 : while '99

The four lines of Italian (2872–5), which should presumably all form part of the King's speech, are from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (xx. 131. 7–8, x. 15. 1–2) and should run :

L'orecchie abbassa, come vinto e stauco
Destrier c'ha in bocca il fren, gli sproni al fianco.
Oh sommo Dio, come i giudicj umani
Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro!

List of Characters

in order of appearance

Helinor, the Queen Mother.
Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester.
Mortimer, Earl of March.
Sir David of Brecknock, brother of Lluellen.
Edward I, king of England, surnamed Longshanks.
Edmund, Duke of Lancaster, surnamed Couchback, his brother.
The Earl of Sussex.
Elinor of Castile, queen to Edward.
Jone of Acon, her daughter.
Lluellen, prince of Wales.
Rice ap Meredith } his
Owen ap Rice } followers.
Hugh ap David, a friar.
Guenthian, his wench.
Jack, his novice.
a Harper.
Guenther, a follower of Lluellen.
John Baliol, elected king of Scotland.
Mary Bearmber, Mayoress of London.
Ellen (Elinor), wife of Lluellen.
Versses, a Scottish lord.
four Mantle Barons of Wales.
a Farmer.
a Pedler.
a Bishop.
Katherina, attendant on the queen.
a Soldier.
a Potter's wife.
John, her man.
a Messenger from Wales.
Sir Thomas Spencer.

Soldiers, sailors, an ancient, Signor Mountfort, Charles de Mountfort, Scottish lords (including the Bruce), negro moors, footmen, Cressingham, Mary Duchess of Lancaster, Lluellen's prisoners, heralds, pages, officers, ladies.

THE
Famous Chronicle of king Edward
the firſt, ſirnamed Edward Longshankes,
with his returne from the holy land.

ALSO THE LIFE OF LLEVELLEN
rebell in Wales.

Laſtly, the ſinking of Queene *Elinor*, who ſunck *at Charingcroſſe, and roſe againe at Potters-*hith, now named Queenehith.

LONDON
Printed by Abell Ieffes, and are to be ſolde by William Barley, at his ſhop in Gratious ſtreete. 1593.

THE
Famous Chronicle hiſtorie of King Edwarde the firſt, ſirnamed Edwarde Longſhankes: with the ſincking of Queene *Elinor at Charingcroſſe, and her riſing* againe at Potters hith, otherwiſe called Queene hith.

Enter Gilbart de Clare *Earle of Glocester, with the Earle of Suſſex*, Mortimer *the Earle of March*, Dauid Lluellens *brother, waiting on* Helinor *the Queene mother.*

The Queene Mother.

MY L. lieutenant of Glocester, and L. Mortimer,
To do you honor in your Soueraignes eyes,
That as we heare is newly come aland,
From *Paleſtine*, with all his men of warre:
The poore remainer of the royall Fleete,
Preſeru'd by miracle in *Sicill* Roade. 10
Go mount your Courſers, meete him on the way,
Pray him to ſpur his Steede, minutes and houres,
Vntill his mother ſee hir princely ſonne,
Shining in glory of his ſafe returne. *Exeunt Lords.*

Manet Queene Mother.

Illuſtrious England, auncient ſeat of kings,
Whoſe chiualrie hath roiallizd thy fame:
That ſounding brauely through terreſtiall vaile,
Proclaiming conqueſts, ſpoiles, and victories,
Rings glorious Ecchoes through the fartheſt worlde. 20
What warlike nation traind in feates of armes,

What barbarous people, ſtubborne or vntaimd,
What climate vnder the Meridian ſignes,
Or frozen Zone vnder his brumall ſtage,
Erſt haue not quaked and trembled at the name
Of Britaine, and hir mightie Conquerours?
Her neighbor realmes as *Scotland*, *Denmarke*, *France*,
Aude with their deedes, and iealious of her armes,
Haue begd defenſiue and offenſiue leagues.
30 Thus *Europe* riche and mightie in her kinges,
Hath feard braue England dreadfull in her kings:
And now to eternize Albions Champions,
Equiualent with *Troians* auncient fame,
Comes louely *Edward* from *Ieruſalem*,
Veering before the winde, plowing the ſea,
His ſtretched ſailes fild with the breath of men,
That through the world admires his manlines.
And loe at laſt, ariued in *Douer* roade,
Longſhanke your king, your glory and our ſonne,
40 With troopes of conquering Lords and warlike knights,
Like bloudy creſted Mars orelookes his hoſte,
Higher then all his armie by the head,
Martching along as bright as *Phœbus* eyes,
And we his mother ſhall beholde our ſonne,
And Englands Peeres ſhall ſee their Soueraine.

The Trumpets ſound, and enter the traine, viz. his maimed Souldiers with headpeeces and Garlands on them, euery man with his red Croſſe on his coate: the Ancient borne in a Chaire, his Garland and his plumes on his headpeece, his
50 *Enſigne in his hand. Enter after them Gloceſter and Mortimer bareheaded, & others as many as may be. Then Longſhanks and his wife Elinor, Edmund Couchback, and Ione and Signior Moumfort the Earle of Leiceſters priſoner, with Sailers and Souldiers, and Charles de Moumfort his brother.*

Q. Mother. Gloceſter, Edward, O my ſweete ſonnes.
And then ſhe fals and ſounds.

Long.

Longſh. Helpe Ladies: O ingratefull deſteny,
To welcome Edward with this tragedie.
Gloceſt. Pacient your highnes, tis but mothers loue, 60
Receiu'd with ſight of her thrice valiant ſonnes:
Madam amaze not, ſee his Maieſtie
Returnd with glory from the holy land.
Moth. Braue ſons the worthy Champions of our God,
The honourable ſouldiers of the higheſt,
Beare with your mother whoſe aboundant loue,
With teares of ioyes ſalutes your ſweete returne,
From famous iourneys hard and fortunate.
But lordes alas how heauie is our loſſe,
Since your departure to theſe Chriſtian warres, 70
The king your Father, and the prince your ſonne,
And your braue Vnckle Almaines Emperour,
Aye me are dead.
Longſh. Take comfort madam, leaue theſe ſad laments,
Deare was my vnckle, dearer was my ſonne:
And ten times dearer was my noble father,
Yet were their liues valewd at thouſand worlds,
They cannot ſcape the arreſt of dreadfull death:
Death that dooth ſeaze and ſommon all alike.
Then leauing them to heauenly bleſſednes, 80
To ioyne in thrones of glory with the iuſt,
I doo ſalute your royall Maieſtie.
My gratious mother Queene, and you my lordes,
Gilbart de Clare, Suſſex, and Mortimer,
And all the princely ſtates of Englands peeres,
With health and honor to your harts content,
And welcome wiſhed England on whoſe ground,
Theſe feete ſo often haue deſird to tread,
Welcome ſweete Queene my fellow Traueller,
Welcome ſweete *Nell* my fellow mate in armes, 90
Whoſe eyes haue ſeene the ſlaughtered Sarazens,
Pil'de in the ditches of Ieruſalem,
And laſtly welcome manly followers,
That beares the ſcars of honor and of armes,

And on your war drums carry crownes as kings,
Crowne Murall, Nauall, and triumphant all,
At view of whom the Turkes haue trembling fled,
And Sarazens like ſheepe before the walles,
Haue made their cottages in walled townes,
But Bulwarkes had no fence to beate you back,
Lords, theſe and they will enter braſen gates,
And teare downe lime and Morter with their nailes.
Imbrace them Barons theſe haue got the name,
Of Engliſh Gentlemen and knights at armes:
Not one of theſe but in the Champaine field,
Hath wonne his crowne, his collar and his ſpurs,
Not *Cæſar* leading through the ſtreetes of Rome,
The captiue kings of conquered nations,
Was in his princely triumphes honoured more,
Then Engliſh *Edward* in this martiall ſight.
Countrimen your lims are loſt in ſeruice of the Lord,
Which is your glory and your Countries fame,
For lims, you ſhall haue liuing, lordſhips, lands,
And be my counſellers in warres affaires:
Souldiers ſit downe, *Nell* ſit thee by my ſide,
Theſe be prince *Edwards* pompious treaſurie.

The Queene Mother being ſet on the one ſide, and Queene Elinor on the other, the king ſitteth in the middeſt mounted highest, and at his feete the Enſigne vnderneath him.

O glorious Capitoll, beautious Senate houſe,
Triumphant *Edward*, how like ſturdie Oakes,
Do theſe thy Souldiers circle thee about,
To ſhield and ſhelter thee from winters ſtormes?
Diſplay thy croſſe, old Aimes of the Vies,
Dub on your Drums tand with *Indiaes* ſunne,
My luſtie weſterne lads, *Matreueirs* thou,
Sound prowdly here a perfect point of warre,
In honour of thy Souereignes ſafe returne.
Thus *Longſhanks* bids his Souldiers *Bien veneu.*

Vſe

Vſe Drummes, Trumpets, and Enſignes, and then ſpeake Edward. 130

Edw. O God my God, the brightnes of m y daye,
How oft haſt thou preſeru'd thy ſeruant ſafe,
By ſea and land, yea in the gates of death,
O God to thee how highly am I bound,
For ſetting me with theſe on Engliſh ground?
One of my manſion houſes will I giue,
To be a colledge for my maimed men,
Where euery one ſhall haue an hundred markes
Of yearely pention to his maintenance, 140
A Souldier that for Chriſt and countrie fightes,
Shall want no liuing whilſt king *Edward* liues,
Lords you that loue me now be liberall,
And giue your larges to theſe maimed men.
Q. Mot. Towards this erection doth thy mother giue,
Out of her dowrie, fiue thouſand pounds of gold,
To finde them Surgeons to recure their wounds,
And whilſt this auncient Standard bearer liues,
He ſhall haue fortie pound of yeerely fee,
And be my Beadſman father if you pleaſe. 150
Longſh. Madam I tell you England neuer bred,
A better ſouldier then your Beadſman is,
And that the Souldan and his Armie felt.
Edmund. Out of the dutchie of riche Lancaſter,
To finde ſoft bedding for their bruzed bones,
Duke *Edmund* giues three thouſand pounds.
Longſh. Gramercies brother *Edmund*,
Happie is England vnder *Edwards* raigne,
When men are had ſo highly in regarde,
That Nobles ſtriue who ſhall remunerate, 160
The ſouldiers reſolution with regarde.
My Lord of Gloceſter what is your beneuolence?
Gloceſt. A thouſand markes and pleaſe your Maieſtie.
Longſh. And yours my lord of Suſſex?
Suſſex. Fiue hundred pound, and pleaſe your maieſtie.

Long.

Long. What ſay you ſir *Dauid* of *Brecknock.*
Dauid. To a ſouldier ſir *Dauid* cannot be too liberall,
Yet that I may giue no more then a poore knight is able
And not preſume as a mightie Earle,
170 I giue my Lord foure hundred, foure ſcore,
And nineteene poundes:
And ſo my lord of *Suſſex* I am behind you an ace.
Suſſex. And yet ſir *Dauid* ye aumble after apace.
Lon. Wel ſaid *Da.* thou couldſt not be a Camber Britain
If thou didſt not loue a ſouldier with thy hart,
Let me ſee now if my Arithmeticke wil ſerue,
To totall the particulars.
Qu. Eli. Why my lord I hope you meane,
I ſhal be a benefactor to my fellow ſouldiers.
180 *Longshankes.* And wel ſaid *Nell.*
What wilt thou I ſet downe for thee?
Q. El. Nay my lord I am of age to ſet it down for my ſelf.
You will alowe what I do, will you not?
Longsh. That I will Maddam,
Were it to the value of my kingdome.
Qu. Elin. What is the ſumme my lord?
Longſhankes. 10000 pounds my *Nell.*
Qu. Eli. Then *Elinor* bethinke thee of a gift worthie the king of Englandes wife, and the king of Spaines
190 daughter, and giue ſuch a largis, that the Chronicles of this land may crake with record of thy liberalitie.

Parturient montes: naſcetur ridiculus mus.
ſhee makes a Cipher.

There my lord, neither one, two, nor three,
But a poore Cipher in Agrum, to inrich good fellowes,
And compound their figure in their kinde.
Longsh. Madam I commend your compoſition,
An argument of your honourable diſpoſition:
Sweete *Nell* thou ſhouldſt not be thy ſelfe,
200 Did not with thy mounting minde,
Thy gift ſurmount the reſt.
Gloce. Cal you this *Ridiculus mus?* mary ſir this mouſe

Would

Would make a foule hole in a faire Cheefe,
Tis but a Cipher in Agrum,
And it hath made of 10000. pounds, 100000 pounds:
Edmund. A princely gift and worthy memorie.
Glocester. My gratious Lord, as erft I was affignde,
Lieutenant to his Maieftie,
Here render I vp the crowne left in charge with me,
By your princely father king *Henrie*, 210
Who on his death bed ftill did call for you,
And dying, wild to you the Diadem.
Longshankes. Thankes worthie Lordes,
And feeing by doome of heauens it is decreed,
And lawful line of our fucceffion,
Vnworthy *Edward* is become your king,
We take it as a bleffing from on hie,
And wil our Coronation be folemnized,
Vpon the 14. of December next.
Qu. Eli. Vpon the 14. of December next? 220
Alas my Lord, the time is all too fhort
And fudden, for fo great folemnitie:
A yeare were fcarfe enough to fet a worke,
Tailers, Imbroderes, and men of rare deuice,
For preparation of fo great eftate.
Truft me fweete *Ned*, hardlie fhal I bethinke me,
In twentie weekes what fafhion robes to weare,
I pray thee then deferre it till the fpring,
That we may haue our garments point deuice.
I meane to fend for Tailers into Spaine, 230
That fhall confer of fome fantaftickt futes,
With thofe that be our conningft Englifhmen,
What? let me braue it now or neuer *Ned.*
Long. Madam content ye, would that were greateft care
You fhall haue garments to your harts defire,
I neuer red but Englifhmen exceld,
For change of rare deuifes euery way.
Q. Eli. Yet pray thee *Ned*, my loue, my lord, and king,
My fellow fouldier, and compeere in armes,

240 Do ſo much honour to thy *Elinor*,
To weare a ſute that ſhee ſhall giue thy grace,
Of her one coſt and workmanſhip perhaps.
Q. Mot. Twil come by leaſure daughter then I feare,
Th'art too fine fingard to be quick at worke.
Long. Twixt vs a greater matter breakes no ſquare,
So it be ſuch my *Nell* as may beſeeme,
The maieſtie and greatnes of a king.
And now my Lords and louing friends,
Follow your Generall to the court,
250 After his trauels to repoſe him then,
There to recount with pleaſure what is paſt,
Of warres alarums, ſhowres, and ſharpeſt ſtormes.
Exeunt all, ſauing the Queene and her daughter.
Q. Eli. Now *Elinor*, now Englands louely Queene,
Bethinke thee of the greatnes of thy ſtate:
And how to beare thy ſelfe with roialtie,
Aboue the other Queenes of Chriſtendome,
That Spaine reaping renowne by *Elinor*,
And *Elinor* adding renowne to Spaine,
260 Britaine may her magnificence admire.
I tell thee *Ione*, what time our highnes ſits,
Vnder our royall Canopie of ſtate,
Gliſtering with pendants of the pureſt gold,
Like as our ſeate were ſpangled all with ſtars,
The world ſhall wonder at our maieſtie,
As if the daughter of eternall *Ops*,
Turnd to the likenes of Vermilion fumes,
Where from her cloudie wombe the *Centaures* lept,
VVere in her royall ſeate inthronized.
270 *Ione.* Madam, if *Ione* thy daughter may aduiſe,
Let not your honour make your manners change,
The people of this land are men of warre,
The women courteous, milde, and debonaire,
Laying their liues at princes feete,
That gouernes with familiar maieſtie,
But if their ſoueraignes once gin ſwell with pride,

Diſdai-

Diſdaning commons loue which is the ſtrength,
And ſurenes of the richeſt common welth:
That Prince were better liue a priuate life,
Then rule with tirannie and diſcontent. 280

Q. Eli. Indeed we count them headſtrong Engliſhmen
But we ſhall hold them in a Spaniſh yoake.
And make them know their Lord and ſoueraigne.
Come daughter let vs home for to prouide:
For all the cunning work-men of this Ile,
In our great chamber ſhall bee ſet aworke,
And in my hall ſhall bountifully feede.
My King like *Phœbus* bridegroome like ſhall marche
With louely *Xheeis* to her glaſſie bed,
And all the lookers on ſhall ſtand amazde, 290
To ſee King Edward and his louely Queene,
Sit louely in Englands ſtately throne.

Exeunt Ambo.

Enter Lluellen, alias Prince of Wales: Rice ap Meredeth, Owen ap Rice, with ſwordes and bucklers and freeſe Ierkins. Sc. ii

Llu. Come Rice and rouſe thee for thy countries good,
Followe the man that meanes to make you great:
Follow Lluellen rightfull prince of VVales.
Sprong from the loines of great *Cadwallader*, 300
Diſcended from the loines of *Troian Brute*,
And though the tariterous *Saxons*, *Normans*, *Danes*,
Haue ſpent the true Romans of glorious *Troy*,
Within the weſterne mountaines of this Ile,
Yet haue we hope to clime theſe ſtonie pales,
VVhen Londoners as Romains earſt amazde,
Shall trembling crie Lluellens at the gate.
T'accompliſh this, thus haue I brought you forth,
Diſguiſde to Milford hauen, here attend,
The landing of the ladie Æliner. 310
Her ſtay doth make me muſe, the winde ſtands faire:

And ten dayes hence we did expect them heere,
Neptune be fauourable to my loue,
And ſteere hir keele with thy three forked mace,
That from this ſhore I may behold her ſailes,
And in mine armes embrace my deereſt deare.
Rice. Braue prince of Wales, this honorable matche,
Cannot but turne to *Cambrias* common good.
Simon de Momfort, her thriſe valiant ſonne,
320 That in the Barons warres was Generall,
VVas lou'd and honoured of the Engliſhmen.
VVhen they ſhall heare, ſhees your eſpouſed wife,
Aſſure your grace we ſhall haue great ſupplie,
To make our roades in England mightilie.
Owen. VVhat we reſolu'd, muſt ſtrongly be performd,
Before the king returne from *Paleſtine*,
VVhilſt he wins glorie at *Ieruſalem*,
Let vs winne ground vpon the Engliſhmen.
Lluel. Owen ap Rice, tis that *Lluellen* feares,
330 I feare me *Edward* will be come a ſhore,
Ere we can make prouiſion for the warre.
But be it as it will, within his court
My brother *Dauid* is, that beares a face,
As if he were my greateſt enemie,
He by this craft ſhall creepe into her heart,
And giue intelligence from time to time,
Of her intentions, driftes and ſtratagems.
Heere let vs reſt vpon the ſalt ſea ſhore,
And while our eyes long for our hearts deſires,
340 Let vs like friends paſtime vs on the ſands,
Our frolike mindes are ominous for good.

Enter Friar Hugh ap Dauid, Guenthian his wench in Flannell, and Iack his Nouice.

Friar. Guenthian as I am true man,
So will I doo the beſt I can:
Guenthian as I am true Prieſt,

So

So will I bee at thy beheſt:
Guenthian as I am true Friar,
So wil I be at thy deſire.
Nouice. My maiſter ſtands too neere the fier, 350
Truſt him not wench, he will prooue a liar.
Lluellen. True man, true Friar, true prieſt, & true knaue,
Theſe foure in one this trull ſhall haue,
Friar. Heere ſweare I by my ſhauen crowne,
VVench if I giue thee a gay greene gowne,
Ile take thee vp as I laid thee downe,
And neuer bruze nor batter thee.
Nouice. O ſweare not maiſter, fleſh is fraile,
VVenche when the ſigne is in the taile,
Mightie is loue and will preuaile, 360
This Churchman dooth but flatter thee.
Lluel. A prittie worme, and a luſtie friar,
Made for the field, not for the quire.
Guenth. Mas Friar as I am true maide,
So do I hold me well apaide:
Tis Churchmans laie and veritie,
To liue in loue and charitie,
And therefore weene I as my creede,
Your wordes ſhall companie my deed,
Dauie my deare, I yeeld in all, 370
Thine owne to goe and come at call.
Rice. And ſo farre foorth begins our braule.
Friar. Then my *Guenthian* to begin,
Sith idlenes in loue is ſinne,
Boie to the towne I will thee hie,
And ſo returne euen by and by,
VVhen thou with cakes and muſkadine,
And other iunkets good and fine,
Haſt fild thy bottle and thy bagge.
Nouice. Now maiſter as I am true wag, 380
I will be neither late nor lag,
But goe and come with goſſips cheere,
Ere Gib our Cat can lick her eare.

For long agoe I learned in ſchoole,
That louers deſire, and pleaſures coole:
Sanct *Ceres* ſweetes and *Bacchus* vine,
Now maiſter for the Cakes and Wine.
Exit Nouice.
Friar. Wench to paſſe away the time in glee,
390 *Guenthian* ſet thee downe by me,
And let our lips and voices meete,
In a merrie countrey ſonge.
Guenth. Friar, I am at beck and baye,
And at thy commaundement to ſing and ſay,
And other ſportes among.
Ow. I marry my lord, this is ſomwhat like a mans mony,
Heeres a wholſome Welſh wench,
Lapt in her Flannell as warme as wooll,
And as fit as a pudding for a Friars mouthe.

400 *The Friar and Guenthian ſing: Lluellen ſpeakes to them.*

Pax vobis, pax vobis, good fellowes faire fall yee.
Friar. Et cum ſpiritu tuo.
Friends haue you any thing els to ſay to the Friar?
Owen. Much good doo you, much good you,
My maiſters heartelie.
Friar. And you ſir when yee eate:
Haue ye any thing els to ſay to the Friar?
Lluel. Nothing, but I would gladly know,
410 If muttõ be your firſt diſh, what ſhalbe your laſt ſeruice.
Friar. It may bee ſir I count it phyſicke,
To feede but on one diſh at a ſitting:
Sir would you any thing els with the Friar?
Rice. O nothing ſir, but if you had any manners,
You might bid vs fall too.
Friar. Nay and that be the matter good enough,
Is this all yee haue to ſay to the Friar?
Lluel. All we haue to ſay to you ſir, it may be ſir,
We would walke aſide with your wenche a little.

Friar.

Friar. My maiſters and frends, I am a poore Friar, a man of Gods making, and a good fellow as you are, legs, feete, face and hands, & hart from top to toe, of my word, right ſhape and Chriſtendome: and I loue a wenche as a wench ſhould be loued, and if you loue your ſelfe walke good friends I pray you, & let the Friar alone with his fleſh. 420

Lluel. O Friar, your holie mother the church teaches you to abſtaine from theſe morſels, therfore my maiſters tis a deed of charitie to remooue this ſtumbling block, a faire wench, a ſhrewd temptation to a Friars conſcience.

Guen. Friend if you knew the Friar halfe ſo well as the bailie of *Brecknock*, you would think you might as ſoone mooue munck *Dauie* into the ſea, as *Guenth.* from his ſide. 430

Lluel. Mas by your leaue, weele prooue.

Guenth. At your perill if you mooue his patience.

Friar. Brother, brother, and my good Countrimen.

Lluel. Countrimen? nay I cannot thinke that an Engliſh friar, will come ſo farre into Wales barefooted.

Owen. Thats more then you know, and yet my lord he might ride, hauing a fillie ſo neeere.

Fri. Hands off good countriman, at few words & faire warnings. 440

Lluel. Countrimen, not ſo ſir, wee renounce thee Friar, and refuſe your countrie.

Friar. Then brother and my good friends,
Hands off and if you loue your eaſe.

Rice. Eaſe me no eaſings, weele eaſe you of this carriage.

Friar. Fellow be gone quicklie, or my pike ſtaffe and I will ſet thee away with a vengeance.

Llu. I am ſorie truſt me to ſee the church ſo vnpatient.

Fri. Ye Dogs ounes, do me a ſhrowde turne and mocke me too, fleſh and bloud will not beare this: then riſe vp *Robart* and ſay to *Richard*, *Redde rationem villicationis tuæ.* ſir Countriman, kinſman, Engliſhman, Welſhman, you with the Wenche, returne your *Habeas corpus*, heres a *Circiorari* for your *Procedendo.* 450

Owen. Holde friar we are thy countriemen.

Rice. Payd, *payd*, *Digone*, we are thy countrimẽ, *Mundue.*

Friar.

Friar. My Countrymen? nay marry ſir ſhal you not be my countrimen, you ſir, you, ſpecially you ſir that refuſe the Friar, and renounce his countrie.

460 *Lluel.* Friar, hold thy hands, I ſweare as I am a Gentleman, I am a Welſhman, and ſo are the reſt of honeſtie.

Friar. Of honeſtie ſaieſt thou?
They are neither Gentlemen nor Welſhmen,
That will denie their countrie: Come hither wenche,
Ile haue about with them once more,
For denying of theyr Countrie.

Make as if yee would fight.

Rice. Frier thou wotteſt not what thou ſayeſt,
This is the prince, and we are all his traine:
470 Diſpoſed to be pleaſant with thee a little,
But I perceiue Friar, thy noſe will bide no ieſt.

Friar. As much as you will with me ſir,
But not at any hand with my wench,
I and *Richard* my man heere.
For here, *Contra omnes gentes.*
But is this *Lluellen* the great *Camber Britaine*?

Lluel. It is he Friar, giue me thy hand,
And gramercies twentie times,
I promiſe thee thou haſt cudgeld
480 Two as good leſſons into my iacket,
As euer Churchman did at ſo ſhort warning.
The one is, not to be too buſie with another mans cattel,
The other, not in haſt to denie my countrie.

Friar. Tis pittie my Lorde,
But you ſhould haue more of this learning
You profit ſo well by it.

Lluel. Tis pittie Friar but thou ſhouldſt be *Lluellens* Chaplaine, thou edifieſt ſo well, and ſo ſhalt thou be, of mine honor, heere I entertaine thee, thy boye, and thy
490 trull, to follow my fortune, in *Secula ſeculorum.*

Friar. And Richard my man ſir and you loue me,
He that ſtands by me, and ſhrunke not at all weathers,
And then you haue me in my colours.

Lluel.

Lluel. Friars agreed: *Rice* welcome the Ruffines.

Enter the Harper, and ſing to the tune of Who liſt to lead a Souldiers life.

Goe too, goe too, you Britaines all,
And plaie the men both great and ſmall,
A wonderous matter hath befall,
That makes the Prophets crie and call, 500
Tum da et di te de te dum,
That you muſt marche both all and ſome,
Againſt your foes with trumpe and Drum:
I ſpeake to you from God that you ſhall ouercome.
With a turne both waies.
Lluel. What now, who haue we here?
Tum date dite dote dum.
Fri. What haue we a fellow dropt out of the element,
Whats hee for a man?
Rice ap Mer. Knoweſt thou this Goſcup? 510
Fri. What? not *Morgain Pigot*, our good welſh prophet,
O tis a holie Harper.
Meredith. A Prophet with a moraine,
Good my Lord, lets heare a few of his lines I pray you.
Nouice. My lords, tis an od fellow I can tell you,
As any is in all Wales:
He can ſing rime with reaſon, and rime without reaſon,
And without reaſon or rime.
Lluellen. The diuell hee can,
Rime with reaſon, and rime without reaſon, 520
And reaſon without rime:
Then good *Morgan Pigot*, pluck out thy ſpigot,
And draw vs a freſh pot,
From the kinder kinde of thy knowledge.
Friar. Knowledge my ſonne, knowledge I warrant ye,
How ſaiſt thou *Morgaine*, art thou not a very prophet?
Harper. Friar, friar, a Prophet verilie,
For great *Lluellens* loue,

Sent from aboue, to bring him victorie.

530 *Mered.* Come then gentle prophet, lets ſee how thou canſt ſalute thy prince, ſay, ſhall we haue good ſucceſſe in our enterprize or no?

Harp. VVhen the weathercock of *Carmarthen* ſteeple
Shall ingender yong ones in the belferie,
And a heard of Goates leaue their paſture,
To be cloathed in ſiluer:
Then ſhall *Brute* be borne a new,
And VVales record their auncient hew,
Aske Friar *Dauid* if this be not true.

540 *Friar.* This my Lord a meanes by you,
O he is a prophet, a prophet.

Lluel. Soft you now good *Morgan Pigot*,
And take vs with yee a little I pray,
VVhat meanes your wiſdome by all this.

Harper. The VVeathercock (my lord) was your father, who by foule weather of warre, was driuen to take Sanctuarie in Saint *Maries* at *Carnaruon*, where he begat yong ones on your mother in the belfrey, *viz.* your worſhip, and your brother *Dauid.*

550 *Lluel.* But what didſt thou meane by the Goates?

Harp. The Goates that leaue the paſture to be cloathed in ſiluer, are the ſiluer Goates your men wore on their ſleeues.

Fr. O how I loue thee *Morgain Pigot* our ſweet prophet.

Llu. Hence rogue with your propheſies, out of my ſight.

Mered. Nay good my lord, lets haue a few more of theſe meeters, he hath great ſtore in his head.

Nouice. Yea, and of the beſt in the market,
And your Lordſhip would vouchſafe to heare them.

560 *Lluellen.* Villaine away, ile heere no more of your propheſies.

Harper. VVhen legs ſhall loſe their length,
Returning wearie home, from out the holy land:
A VVelſhman ſhall be king,
And gouerne merrie England.

Mered.

Mered. Did I not tell your Lordſhip hee would hit it home anon?

Friar. My Lord he comes to your time thats flat.

Nouice. I maiſter and you marke him, he hit the marke pat. 570

Friar. As how Iack?

Nou. VVhy thus: when legs ſhall loſe their length,
And ſhankes yeelde vp their ſtrength:
Returning wearie home from out the holy land,
A VVelſhman ſhall bee king,
And gouerne merrie England.
VVhy my Lord, in this prophesie, is your aduancement as plainlie ſeene, as a three halfepence through a diſhe of butter in a ſunnie daie.

Fri. I thinke ſo Iack, for hee that ſees three halfepence, 580 muſt tarrie till the butter be melted in the ſuune, and ſo foorth applie boie.

Nouice. Non ego maiſter, do you and you dare.

Lluel. And ſo boy thou meaneſt, hee that tarries this prophesie, may ſee *Longshankes* ſhorter by the head, and *Lluellen* weare the crowne in the field.

Friar. By ladie my Lord you go neere the matter,
But what ſaith *Morgaine Pigote* more?

Harper. In the yeare of our lorde God 1272, ſhall ſpring from the loines of *Brute*, one whoſe wiues name 590 being the perfect end of his ground, ſhal cõſummate the peace betwixt England and VVales, and bee aduaunced to ride through Cheapſide with a crowne on his head, and thats ment by your lordſhip, for your wiues name being *Ellen*, and your owne *Lluellen*, beareth the perfect end of your owne name: ſo muſt it needes bee, that for a time *Ellen* flee from *Lluellen*, yee beeing betrothed in heart each to others, muſt needes bee aduaunced to bee higheſt of your kinne.

Lluel. Iacke, I make him thy priſoner, 600
Looke what waie my fortune inclines,
That waie goes hee.

Mered. Sirra, ſee you runne ſwifteſt.

Friar. Farewell, be farre from the Spigote. *Exit.*

Nouice. Now ſir, if our countrie Ale, were as good as yo ur Metheglen, I would teach you to play the knaue. or you ſhould teache me to play the Harper.

Harp. Ambo, boye, you are too light witted,
As I am light minded.

610 *Noui.* It ſeemed to me thou art fitteſt, and paſſing well.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Guenther to Lluellen with letters.

Lluel. What tidings bringeth *Guenther* with his haſte?
Say man, what bodes thy meſſage good or bad.

Guenther. Bad my lord, and all in vaine I wot,
Thou dareſt thine eyes vpon the wallowing maine,
As erſt did *Aegen* to behold his ſonne,
To welcome and receiue thy welcome loue,
And ſable ſailes he ſaw, and ſo maiſt thou,
620 For whoſe miſhap the Brackiſh ſeas lament,
Edward, ô *Edward.*

Lluel. And what of him?

Guenther. Landed he is at *Douer* with his men,
From *Paleſtine* ſafe by his Engliſh Lords,
Receiued in triumphes like an earthly God,
He liues to weare his fathers Diadem,
And ſway the ſworde of brittiſh *Albion.*
But *Elinor*, thy *Elinor.*

Lluellen. And what of her?

630 Hath amorous *Neptune* gazd vpon my loue,
And ſtopt her paſſage with his forked mace:
Or that I rather feare, O deadly feare,
Enamoured *Nereus* dooth he withhold my *Elinor*?

Guenther. Nor Neptune, Nereus nor other God,
Withholdeth from my gratious lord his loue,
But cruell *Edward* that iniurious king,
Withholds thy liefeſt louely Elinor,

Taking

Taking in a Pinnaſſe on the narrow ſeas,
By foure tall ſhips of *Briſtowe*, and with her,
Lord *Emerick* her vnhappie noble brother, 640
As from *Mont argis* hetherward they ſaild:
This ſay in breefe, theſe letters tell at large.

Lluellen reades his brother Dauids letters.

Lluel Is *Long ſhankes* then, ſo luſtie now become,
Is my faire loue my beautions *Elinor* tane?
Villaine damnde villaines not to guard her ſafe,
Or fence her ſacred perſon from her foes,
Sunne couldſt thou ſhine and ſee my loue beſet,
And didſt not clothe thy cloudes in fierie coates,
Ore all the heauens with winged ſulphure flames, 650
As when the beames like mounted combatants,
Battaild with *Pyetion* in the fallowed laies,
But if kinde *Cambria* deigne me good aſpect,
To make me cheefeſt brute of weſterne Wales,
Ile ſhort that gainlegd *Long ſhanke* by the top,
And make his fleſh my murthering fawchions foode:
To armes true *Britaines* ſprong of *Troians* ſeede.
And with your ſwordes write in the booke of Time,
Your *Brittiſh* names in Characters of bloud.
Owen ap Rice, while we ſtaie for further force, 660
Prepare awaie in poſte, and take with thee,
A hundred choſen of thy countrimen,
And ſcowre the marches with your Welſhmens hookes,
That Engliſhmen may thinke the diuell is come.
Rice ſhall remaine with me, make thou thy boade,
In reſolution to reuenge theſe wronges,
With bloud of thouſands guiltleſſe of this rage,
Flie thou on them amaine: *Edward*, my loue
Be thy liues bane. Follow me countrimen,
VVords make no waie, my *Elinor* is ſurprizd, 670
Robd am I of the comfort of my life,
And know I this and am not veng'd on him?

Exit Lluellen, and the other lords.

Manet, the Friar and Nouice.

Friar. Come boie we muſt buckle I ſee.
The prince is of my profeſſion right:
Rather than he wil loſe his wenche,
He will fight *Ab ouo vſque ad mala.*
Nouice. O maiſter doubt you not but your *Nouice*
680 will prooue a whot ſhot, with a bottle of Metheglin.
Exeunt, ere the wenche fall into a Welſh ſong, and the Friar aunſwer, and the Nouice betweene.

Sc. iii *Enter the nine lordes of Scotland, with their nine pages, Gloster, Suſſex, king Edward in his ſute of Glaſſe, Queene Elinor, Queene Mother, the King and Queene vnder a Canopie.*
Long. Nobles of Scotland, we thanke you all,
For this daies gentle princelie ſeruice done,
To *Edward* Englands king, and Scotlands lord:
690 Our Coronations due ſollemnitie,
Is ended with applauſe of all eſtates.
Now then let vs appoſe and reſt vs heere,
But ſpeciallie we thanke you gentle lords,
That you ſo well haue gouerned your greefes,
As being growne vnto a generall iarre,
You chooſe king *Edward* by your Meſſengers,
To calme, to qualifie, and to compound:
Thanke Britains ſtrife of Scotlands climing peeres.
I haue no doubt faire lords but you well wot,
700 How factions waſte the ritcheſt Commonwealth,
And diſcord ſpoiles the ſeates of mightie kings.
The Barons warres, a tragicke wicked warre.
Nobles how hath it ſhaken Englands ſtrength?
Induſtriouſlie it ſeemes to me you haue,
Loiallie ventured to preuent this ſhock,
For which ſith you haue choſen me your iudge,
My lords wil you ſtand to what I ſhall award?
Baliol. Victorious *Edward*, to whom the Scottiſh kings
Owe homage as their lorde and ſoueraigne,
710 Amongſt vs nine, is but one lawfull king:

But

But might we all be iudges in the caſe,
Then ſhould in Scotland be nine kings at once,
And this contention neuer ſet or limited,
To ſtaie theſe iarres we iointlie make appeale,
To thy imperiall throne, who knowes our claimes,
We ſtand not on our titles before your grace,
But do ſubmit our ſelues to your awarde,
And whome your Maieſtie ſhall name to be our king,
To him weele yeeld obedience as a king,
Thus willinglie, and of their owne accorde, 720
Doth Scotland make great Englands king their iudge.

Long. Then nobles ſince you all agree in one,
That for a crowne ſo diſagree in all,
Since what I do ſhall reſt inreuocable,
And louelie England to thy louely Queene,
Louelie Queene *Elinor*, vnto her turne thy eye,
Whoſe honor cannot but loue thee wel,
Holde vp your hands in ſight, with generall voice,
That are content to ſtand to our award.

They all holde vp their handes, and ſay he ſhall. 730

Deliuer me the golden Diadem.
Loe here I holde the goale for which ye ſtriue d,
And heere behold my worthie men at armes,
For chiualrie and worthie wiſdomes praiſe,
Worthie each one to weare a Diadem,
Expect my doome, as erſt at Ida hilles,
The Goddeſſes deuine waited the award,
Of *Danaes* ſonne: *Balioll* ſtand farthest forth,
Baliol behold I giue thee the Scottiſh crowne,
Weare it with heart and with thankfulnes: 740
Sound Trumpets, and ſay all after me,
God ſaue king *Baliol* the Scottiſh king.

The Trumpets ſounds, all crie aloud, God ſaue King Baliol the Scottiſh king.

Thus lords though you require no reaſon why,
According to the conſcience in the cauſe,
I make *Iohn Balioll* your anointed king:

Honor

Honor and loue him as behooues him beſt,
That is in peace of Scotlands crowne poſſeſt.
750 *Baliol.* Thankes roiall England for thy honor doone,
This iuſtice that hath calmd our ciuell ſtrife:
Shall now be ceaſt with honourable loue,
So mooued of remorce and pittie,
We will erect a colledge of my name,
In Oxford will I build for memorie,
Of *Baliols* bountie and his gratitude:
And let me happie daies no longer ſee,
Then heere to England loyall I ſhall bee.
Elinor. Now braue *Iohn Balioll* Lord of Gallaway,
760 And king of Scots ſhine with thy goulden head,
Shake thy ſperes in honour of his name,
Vnder whoſe roialtie thou wearſt the ſame.

Queene Elinors ſpeeche.

The welken ſpangled through with goulden ſpots,
Reflects no finer in a froſtie night,
Then louely *Long ſhankes* in his *Elinors* eye:
So *Ned* thy *Nell* in euery part of thee,
Thy perſon's garded with a troope of Queenes,
And euery Queene as braue as *Elinor*,
770 Giue glorie to theſe glorious chriſtall quarries,
Where euery robe an obiect entertaines,
Of riche deuice and princelie maieſtie:
Thus like *Narciſſus* diuing in the deepe,
I die in honour and in Englands armes:
And if I drowne, it is in my delight.
Whoſe companie is cheefeſt life in death,
From foorth whoſe currall lips I ſuck the ſweete,
VVherewith are daintie *Cupids* candles made,
Then liue or die braue *Ned*, or ſinke or ſwim,
780 An earrhlie bliſſe it is to looke on him.
On thee ſweete *Ned*, it ſhall become thy *Nell*,
Bo unteous to be vnto the beauteous,

Or

Ore prie the palmes ſweete fountaines of my bliſſe,
And I will ſtand on tiptoe for a kiſſe.
Long. He had no thought of any gentle heart,
That would not ſeaze deſire for ſuch deſart,
If any heauenly ioy in women be,
Sweet of all ſweetes, ſweete *Nell* it is in thee.
Now lords along by this the Earle of Marche,
Lord *Mortimor* ore *Cambriaes* mountaine tops, 790
Hath rang'd his men, and feeles *Lluellens* minde,
To which confines that well in waſting be,
Our ſollemne ſeruice of coronation paſt,
We will amaine to backe our friends at neede,
And into Wales our men at armes ſhall march,
And we with them in perſon foote by foote.
Brother of Scotland, you ſhall to your home,
And liue in honour there faire Englands friend,
And thou ſweet *Nell* Queene of king *Edwards* heart.
Shall now come leſſer at thy daintie loue, 800
And at coronation meete thy louing peeres,
When ſtormes are paſt, and we haue coolde the rage
Of theſe rebellious Welſhmen that contend,
Gainſt Englands maieſtie, and *Edwards* crowne.
Sound Trumpets, Harolds lead the traine along,
This be king *Edwards* feaſt and hollie daie.

Exeunt.

Enter the Maris of London from Church, and Muſicke before her.

Qu. Eli. Gloceſter, who may this be, a bride or what? 810
I praie yee *Ione* goe ſee,
And know the reaſon of the harmonie.
Ione. Good woman let it not offend you any whit,
For to deliuer vnto me the cauſe,
That in this vnuſuall kinde of ſort,
You paſſe the ſtreetes with muſicke ſo.
Maris. Miſtres or Madam what ere you be,

Wot you I am the Maior of Londons wife,
Who for I haue beene deliuered of a ſonne,
820 Hauing not theſe doozen yeares had any before,
Now in my huſbands yeare of Mairoltie,
Bringing him a goodly boye,
I paſſe vnto my houſe a maiden bride,
Which priuate pleaſure touching godlineſſe,
Shall here no waye I hope offend the good.
Queene. You hope ſo gentle miſtres, do you indeed?
But doe not make it parcell of your creede.
Maris. Alas I am vndone, it is the Queene,
The proudeſt Queene that euer England knew.
830 *Exeunt Maris, & omnes.*
Quee. Come Gloſter, lets to the court and reuel there.
Exeunt Glocester and the Queene.

Sc. iv *Enter Meredeth, Dauid, and Lluellen.*

Dauid. Soft is it not *Meredeth* I behold?
Lluel. All good, all friends: *Meredeth* ſee the man,
Muſt make vs great, and raiſe *Lluellens* head:
Fight thou *Lluellen* for thy friend and thee.
Mer. Fight mauger fortune, ſtrong our battailes ſtrong,
And beare thy foes before thy pointed launce.
840 *Dauid.* Not too much proweſſe good my lord at once,
Some talke of pollicie another while.
Mered. How comes my lims hurt at this aſſault?
Lluel. Hurt for our good, *Meredeth* make account,
Sir *Dauids* wit is full of good deuiſe,
And kindlie will performe what he pretends.
Dauid. Enough of this my Lord at once,
What will you that I holde the king in hand,
Or what ſhall I eſpeciallie aduize,
Sitting in counſell with the Engliſh lordes,
850 That ſo my counſell may auaile my friends?
Lluel. Dauid if thou wilt beſt for me deuiſe,
Aduiſe my loue be rendered to my hand:

Tell

Tell them the Chaines that *Mulciber* erſt made,
To trie *Prometheus* lims to *Caucaſus*,
Nor furies phanges ſhal hold me long from her,
But I will haue her from the vſurpers tent,
My beautious *Elinor*: if ought in this,
If in this caſe thy wit may boote thy friends,
Expres it then in this, in nothing els.
Dauid. I theres a Carde that puts vs to our trumpe, 860
For might I ſee the ſtarre of Leiſters loines,
It were enough to darken and obſcure,
This *Edwards* glorie, fortune, and his pride:
Firſt hereof can I put you out of doubt,
Lord *Mortimor* of the king hath her in charge,
And honourablie intreates your *Elinor*,
Some thinkes he praies *Lluellen* were in heauen,
And thereby hopes to coache his loue on earth.
Lluel. No, where *Lluellen* mounts, there *Ellen* flies,
Inſpeakeable are my thoughts for her, 870
Shee is not from me in death to be diuorſt.
Dauid. Go to, it ſhall be ſo, ſo ſhall it be,
Edward is full reſolued of thy faith,
So are the Engliſh lords and Barons all:
Then what may let thee to intrude on them,
Some new found ſtratagem to feele their wit,
It is enough: *Meredeth* take my weapons,
I am your priſoner, ſay ſo at the leaſt,
Go hence, and when you parle on the walles,
Make ſhew of monſtrous tirannie you intend, 880
To execute on me, as on the man,
That ſhamefullie rebels gainſt kin and kinde:
And leaſt thou haue thy loue, and make thy peace,
With ſuch conditions as ſhall beſt concerne,
Dauid muſt die ſay thou a ſhamefull death,
Edward perhaps with ruthe and pittie moou'd,
Will in exchange yeelde *Elinor* to thee.
And thou by me ſhalt gaine thy hearts deſire.
Lluel. Sweetely aduized *Dauid*, thou bleſſeſt me,

890 My brother *Dauid* lengthener of my life,
Friends gratulate to me my ioyfull hopes.
Exeunt.

Sc. v *Enter Longshankes, Suſſex, and others.*

Long. Why Barons, ſuffer yee our foes to breathe?
Aſſault, aſſault, and charge them all amaine,
They feare, they flie, they faint, they fight in vaine,
But where is gentle *Dauid* in his Den?
Loth were Io,ught but good ſhould him betide.
Sound an Alarum.

900 *On the walles enter Longſhankes, Suſſex, Mortimor, Dauid the Friar, Meredith holding Dauid by the collar, with a Dagger in his hande.*

Long. Where is the proude diſturber of our ſtate?
Traitor to Wailes, and to his Soueraigne.
Lluel. Vſurper here I am, what dooſt thou craue.
Lon. Welſhman alleagance which thou oweſt thy king.
Lluel. Traitor, no king, that ſeekes thy countries ſack,
The famous runnagate of Chriſtendome.
910 *Long.* Ambitious rebell, knoweſt thou what I am,
How great, how famous, and how fortunate,
And darſt thou carie armes againſt me here,
Euen when thou ſhouldſt do reuerence at my feete?
Yea feard and honourd in the fartheſt parts,
Hath *Edward* beene, thy noble *Henries* ſonne,
Traitor, this ſworde vnſheathd hath ſhined oft,
VVith reeking in the bloud of Sarazens,
When like to *Perſeus* on his winged ſteede,
Brandiſhing bright the bloud of Adamant,
920 That aged *Saturne* gaue faire *Maias* ſonne,
Conflicting tho with *Gorgon* in the vale,
Setting before the gates of *Nazareth*,

My

My horſes hoofes I ſtaind in *Pagans* gore,
Sending whole countries of heathen ſoules,
To *Plutoes* houſe: this ſworde, this thirſſie ſworde,
Aimes at thy head, and ſhall I hope ere long.
Gage and deuide thy bowels and thy bulke,
Diſloiall villaine thou, and what is more.

Lluel. Why *Longshankes*, thinkſt thou I will bee ſcarde
with wordes? 930
No, didſt thou ſpeake in thunder like to *Ioue*,
Or ſhouldſt as *Briareus* ſhake at once,
A hundred bloudie ſwordes, with bloudie hands,
I tell thee *Longſhankes* here he faceth thee,
VVhome nought can daunt, no not the ſtroke of death:
Reſolu'd yee ſee: but ſee the chance of warre.
Knowſt thou a traitor and thou ſeeſt his head,
Then *Longshankes* looke this villaine in the face:
This Rebell he hath wrought his countries wrack,
Baſe raſcall, had and hated in his kinde, 940
Obiect of wrath, and ſubiect of reuenge.

Long. Lluellen, calſt thou this the chance of warre?
Bad for vs all pardie, but worſe for him,
Courage ſir *Dauid*, kings thou knowſt muſt die,
And noble mindes all daſtard feare defies.

Dauid. Renowmed England, ſtar of *Edwards* Globe,
My liefeſt lord and ſweeteſt Soueraigne,
Glorious and happie is this chance to me,
To reape this fame and honour in my death,
That I was hewed with foule defiled hands, 950
For my beloued king and countries good,
And died in grace and fauour with my prince:
Seaze on me bloudie butchers with your pawes,
It is but temporall that you can inflict.

Long. Brauelie reſolu'd braue ſouldier by my life.

Friar. Harke you ſir, I am afeard you will not be ſo reſolued, by that time you knowe ſo much as I can ſhowe you, here be hote Dogges I can tell you, meanes to haue the baiting of you.

960 *Mort. Lluellen* in the midſt of all thy braues,
How wilt thou vſe thy brother, thou haſt tane,
Wilt thou let his maiſter ranſome him?
Lluel. No nor his miſtres gallant *Mortimor*,
With all the golde and ſiluer of the land.
Mered. Raunſome this *Iudas* to his fathers line,
Raunſome this traitor to his brothers life,
No take that earneſt pennie of thy death,
This touche my lord comes nothing neere the marke.
Meredeth ſtabs him into the armes and ſhoulders.
970 *Longsh.* O damned villaine holde thy hands,
Aske and haue.
Lluel. We will nor ask nor haue, ſeeſt thou theſe tooles?
He ſhowes him hote Pinſers.
Theſe be the Dogges ſhall baite him to the death,
And ſhall by peecemeales teare his curſed fleſh,
And in thy ſight here ſhall he hang and pine.
Long. O villains, traitors, how will I be vengd?
Lluel. What threats thou *Edward*,
Deſperate mindes contemne,
980 That furie menaceth, ſee thy words effects.
He cuts his noſe.
Dauid. O gratious heauens, diſſolue me into claie,
This tirannie is more then fleſh can beare.
Lon. Beare it braue minde, ſith nothing but thy bloud,
May ſatiſſie in this extreame eſtate.
Suſſex. My lord it is in vaine to threaten them,
They are reſolu'd yee ſee vpon his death.
Long. Suſſex, his death, they all ſhall buie it deare,
Offer them any fauour for his life,
990 Pardon, or peace, or ought what is beſide:
So loue me God, as I regarde my friends.
Lluellen let me haue thy brothers life,
Euen at what rate and ranſome thou wilt name.
Lluel. Edward, king *Edward*, as thou liſt be termd,
Thou knowſt thou haſt my beautious *Elinor*,
Produce her forth, to plead for *Dauids* life,

She

She may obtaine more then an hoaſte of men.
Long. VVilt thou exchange thy priſoner for thy loue?
Lluel. Talke no more to me, let me ſee her face.
Morti. VVhy, will your maieſtie be all ſo baſe, 1000
To ſtoope to his demaunds in euerie thing?
Long. Fetch her at once, good *Mortimor* be gone.
Morti. I go, but how vnwilling heauens doth know.
Mered. Apace *Mortimor* if thou loue thy friend.
Morti. I go for dearer then I leaue behinde.
Mortimor goes for Elinor, and conducts her in.
Long. See *Suſſex* how he bleedeth in my eye,
That beareth fortunes ſhocke triumphantlie.
Friar. Saw haw, maiſter, I haue found, I haue found.
Lluel. VVhat haſt thou found Friar, ha? 1010
Mered. Newes my lord, a Star from out the Sea,
The ſame is riſen, and made a ſommers day.
Then Lluellen ſpieth Elinor and Mortimor, and ſaieth thus.
VVhat *Nell*, ſweete *Nell*, doe I behold thy face?
Fall heauens, fleete ſtars, ſhine *Phœbus* lampe no more,
This is the Planet lends this world her light,
Starre of my fortune, this that ſhineth bright,
Queene of my heart, loadſtarre of my delight,
Faire mould of beautie, miracle of fame, 1020
O let me die with *Elinor* in mine armes:
VVhat honour ſhall I lend thy loialtie,
Or praiſe vnto thy ſacred dietie.
Mered. Marrie this my lord, if I may giue you counſel, ſacrifice this Tike in her ſight, her friend, which beeing done, one of your ſouldiers may dip his foule ſhirt in his bloud; ſo ſhall you bee waited with as many croſſes as king *Edward.*
Long. Good cheere ſir *Dauid*, we ſhall vp anon.
Morti. Die *Mortimor*, thy life is almoſt gone. 1030
Eli. Sweet prince of Wales, were I within thine armes,
Then ſhould I in peace poſſeſſe my loue,
And heauens open faire their chriſtall gates,

That

That I may ſee the pallace of my intent.
Long. Lluellen ſet thy brother free,
Let me haue him, thou ſhalt haue *Elinor.*
Lluel. Sooth *Edward* I do prize my *Elinor*,
Deerer then life, but there belongeth more
To theſe affaires, than my content in loue:
1040 And to be ſhort, if thou wilt haue thy man,
Of whome I ſweare thou thinkeſt ouer well,
The ſafetie of *Lluellen* and his men,
Muſt be regarded highlie in this matche,
Say therefore and be ſhort, wilt thou giue peace
And pardon to *Lluellen* and his men.
Long. I will herein haue time to be aduizd.
Lluel King *Edward* no, we will admit no pauſe,
For goes this wretch, this traitor to the pot,
And if *Lluellen* be purſued ſo neere,
1050 May chance to ſhowe thee ſuch a tumbling caſt,
As erſt our father, when he thought to ſcape,
And broke his neck from *Iulius Cæſars* towne.
Suſſex. My lord theſe rebels all are deſperate.
Morti. And *Mortimor* of all moſt miſerable.
Longsh. How ſay you Welſhmen, will you leaue your armes,
And be true liegemen vnto *Edwards* crowne?
All the Sold. If *Edward* pardon ſurely what is paſt,
Vpon conditions we are all content.
1060 *Long.* Belike you will condition with vs then.
Sold. Speciall conditions for our ſafetie firſt,
Aud for our countrie *Cambrias* common good,
T'auoide the fuſion of our guiltie bloud.
Longsh. Go to, ſay on.
Sold. Firſt for our followers, and our ſelues and all,
We aske a pardon in the Princes word,
Then for this Lords poſſeſſion in his loue:
But for our Countrie cheeſe theſe boones we beg,
And Englands promiſe princely to thy Wailes,
1070 That none be *Cambrias* prince to gouerne vs,

But

But he that is a Welſhman borne in Wales.
Graunt this and ſweare it on thy knightly ſword,
And haue thy man, and vs, and all in peace.
Lluel. Whie *Cambria Britaines* are you ſo incenſed,
VVill you deliuer me to *Edwards* hands?
Soldi. No lord *Lluellen* we will backe for thee,
Thy life, thy loue, and golden libertie.
Morti. A truce with honourable conditions tane,
VVales happines, Englands glorie, and my bane.
Long. Commaund retreat be ſounded in our campe, 1080
Souldiers I graunt at full what you requeſt,
Dauid good cheere, *Lluellen* open the gates.
Lluel. The gates are opened, enter thee and thine.
Daui. The ſweeteſt ſunne that ere I ſaw to ſhine.
Long. Madam, a brabble well begun for thee,
Be thou my gueſt, and ſir *Lluellens* loue.

Exeunt.

Mortimor ſolus.

Mortimor, a brable ill begunne for thee,
A truce with capitall conditions tane: 1090
A priſoner ſau'd and raunſomd with thy life,
Edward my king, my Lord and louer deare,
Full little dooſt thou wot, how this retreat,
As with a ſword, hath ſlaine poore *Mortimor.*
Farewell the flower, the gem of beauties blaze,
Sweete *Ellen*, miracle of natures hand,
Fuellen in thy name, but heauen is in thy lookes,
Sweete *Venus* let me ſainct or diuel be,
In that ſweet heauen or hell that is in thee. *Exit.*

Enter Iack and the Harper getting a ſtanding against the Queene comes in. Sc. vi

The trumpets ſound, Queene Elinor in hir litter borne by foure Negro Mores, Ione of Acon with her, attended on by the Earle of Glocester, and her foure footemen, one hauing ſet a ladder to the ſide of the litter. ſhe diſcended, and her daughter followeth. 1102

Qu. Eli. Giue me my pantables.
Fie this hot wether how it makes me ſweate,
Hey ho my heart, ah I am paſsing faint.
1110 Giue me my fanne that I may coole my face,
Hold, take my maske but ſee you romple not,
This wind and duſt ſee how it ſmolders me,
Some drinke good *Gloſter* or I die for drinke,
Ah *Ned* thou haſt forgot thy *Nell* I ſee,
That ſhee is thus inforſt to follow thee. (maieſty
Gloster. This aires diſtemperature and pleaſe your
Noiſome through mountains vapors ſend thick miſt,
Vnpleaſant needes muſt be to you and your company,
That neuer was wont to take the aire,
1120 Til *Flora* haue perfumde the earth with ſweetes,
With lillies, roſes, mints and Eglantine.
Qu. Eli. I tel thee the ground is al to baſe,
For *Elinor* to honor with her ſteps:
Whoſe footepace when ſhee progreſt in the ſtreete,
Of *Aecon* and the faire *Ieruſalem*,
Was nought but coſtly Arras points:
Faire Iland tapeſtrie and Azured ſilke,
My milke white ſteed treading on cloth of ray,
And trampling proudly vnderneath the feete,
1130 Choiſe of our Engliſh wollen drapery.
This climat orelowring with blacke congealed clouds,
That takes their ſwelling from the marriſh ſoile,
Fraught with infectious frogges and miſtie dampes,
Is farre vnworthy to be once embalmd:
With redolence of this refreſhing breath:
That ſweetens where it lights as doe the flames,
And holy fires of *Veſtaes* ſacrifice. ſpring,
Ione. VVhoſe pleaſant fields new planted with the
Make *Thameſis* to mount aboue the bankes,
1140 And like a wanton walloing vp and downe:
On *Floras* beds and *Napees* ſiluer downe.
Glo. And wales for me Madame while you are here,
No Climate good vnleſſe your grace be nere,

VVould

Would wales had ought could pleaſe you halfe ſo well,
Or any precious thing in *Glosters* gift,
Whereof your ladiſhip would chalenge me.
Ione. Well ſaide my lord tis as my mother ſaies,
You men haue learnd to woe a thouſande waies.
Gloſter. O madame had I learned againſt my neede,
Of all thoſe waies to woo one way to ſpeede, 1150
My cunning then had beene my fortunes guide.
Q. Eli. Faith *Ione* I thinke thou muſt be *Gloſters* bride,
Good Earle how neare he ſteps vnto her ſide,
So ſoone this eie theſe younglings had eſpide,
Ile tel thee girle when I was faire and young:
I found ſuch honny in ſweete *Edwards* tongue,
As I could neuer ſpend one idle walke,
But *Ned* and I would peece it out with talke.
So you my Lord when you haue got your *Ione*,
No matter let Queene mother be alone. 1160
Old *Nell* is mother now and grandmother may,
The greeneſt graſſe doth droupe and turn to hay,
Woo one kinde Clarke, good *Gloſter* loue thy *Ione*,
Her heart is thine, her eies is not her owne.
Gl. This comfort Madam that your grace doth giue
Binds me in double duety whilſt I liue,
Would God King *Edward* ſee and ſay no leſſe.
Qu. Eli. Gloſter I warrant thee vppon my life,
My King vouchſafs his daughter for thy wife,
Sweet *Ned* hath not forgot ſince he did woo, 1170
The gal of loue and al that longs thereto.
Gloſt. Why was your grace ſo coie to one ſo kinde?
Qu. Eli. Kinde *Gloſter* ſo me thinks in deede,
It ſeemes he loues his wife no more then needs,
That ſends for vs in al the ſpeedy haſt,
Knowing his Queene to be ſo great with childe,
And make me leaue my princely pleaſant ſeates.
To come into his ruder part of wales.
Gl. His highnes hath ſome ſecrete reaſon why,
He wiſheth you to moue frõ Englands pleaſant courts 1180

The VVelſhmen haue of long time ſuters beene,
That when the warre of rebels ſorts an end:
None might be prince and ruler ouer them,
But ſuch a one as was their countriman,
VVhich ſute I thinke his grace hath graunted them.
Qu. Eli. So then it is king *Edwards* pollicie,
To haue his ſonne, forſooth ſonne if it be,
A VVelſhman, well welſhman it liketh me,
And heere he comes.

1190 *Enter Edward Longſhankes and his lords, to the Queene and her footmen.*

Longsh. Nell, welcome into VVales,
How fares my *Elinor*?
Qu. Eli. Neare worſe, beſhrow their harts tis long on.
Long. Harts ſweet *Nell*, ſhrow no harts,
VVhere ſuch ſweete ſaints doe dwell.
He holds her hand faſt.
Qu. Eli. Nay then I ſee I haue my dreame, I pray let go,
You will not, will you whether I will or no?
1200 You are diſpoſed to mooue me.
Longsh. Say any thing but ſo:
Once *Nell* thou gaueſt me this.
Qu. Eli. I pray let go, yee are diſpoſed I thinke.
Long I madame verie well.
Qu. Eli. Let go and be naught I ſay.
Longsh. VVhat ailes my *Nell*?
Qu. Eli. Aie me, what ſodaine fits is this I prooue,
What griefe, what pinching paine, like youngmens loue,
That makes me madding run thus too and froe?
1210 *Longsh.* VVhat, mallencollie *Nell*?
Qu Eli. My lord, pray let me go,
Giue me ſweet water, why how whote it is?
Gloſt. Theſe be the fits, trouble mens wits.
Long. Ione aske thy beautious Miſtres how ſhe dooth.
Ione. How fares your maieſtie?

Queene

Qu. Eli. Ione agreeu'd at the hart and angered worſe,
Becauſe I came not right in,
I thinke the King comes purpoſely to ſpite me,
My fingers itche till I haue had my will,
Proud *Edward* call in thy *Elinor* be ſtill, 1220
It will not be, nor reſt I any where:
Till I haue ſet it ſoundly on his eare.
Ione. Is that the matter then let me alone.
Qu. Elin. Fie how I fret with greefe.
Long. Come hither *Ione*, knoweſt thou what ailes my Queene?
Ione. Not I my lord, ſhee longs I thinke to giue your grace a boxe on theare.
Long. Nay wench if that be al weele eare it wel,
What all a mort how doth my dainty *Nell*? 1230
Looke vp ſweete loue, vnkind, not kiſſe me once?
That may not be.
Qu. Eli. My lord I thinke you doe it for the nonce.
Long. Sweet heart one kiſſe.
Qu. Eli. For Gods ſake let me go.
Long. Sweet heart a kiſſe.
Qu. Eli. What, whether I will or no? you will not leaue? let be I ſay?
Long. I muſt be better chidde.
Qu. Eli. No wil? take that then luſty lord, Sir leaue 1240 when you are bidde.
Long. Why ſo this chare is charde.
Gloſter. A good one by the roode,
Qu. Eli. No force no harme.
Long. No harme that doth my *Elinor* any good.
Learne lords gainſt you be maried men to bow to womens yoke:
And ſturdy though you be you may not ſtur for euery ſtroke:
Now my ſweet *Nell* how doth my Queene? 1250
Qu. Eli. Shee vaunts that mighty England hath felt her fiſt:

Taken a blow baſely at *Elinors* hand,
And vaunt ſhee may good leaue being curſt and coy,
Lacke nothing *Nell* whilſt thou haſt brought thy lorde a louely boie.

Veniacion I am ſicke good *Katherina* I pray thee be at hand.

Kath. Spain. This ſickenes I hope wil bring King *Edward* a iollie boy.

Longsh. And *Katherin* who brings me that newes ſhal not goe emptie handed.

Exite omnes.

Sc. vii *Enter Mortimor, Lluellen and Meredith.*

Mortimor. Farewel *Lluellen* with thy louing *Nell.*

Exit Mortimor.

Lluellen. Godamercy *Mortimor* and ſo farewel.

Mere. Farewel and behangde half *Sinons ſapons* brood

Lluellen. Good words Sir *Rice* wronges haue beſt remedy,
So taken with time patience and pollicy.
But where is the Friar who can tel?

Enter Friar. That can I maiſter very wel,
And ſaie I faith what hath befel:
Muſt we at once to heauen or hel?

Elinor. To heauen Frier, Frier no fie,
Such heauie ſoules mount not ſo hie.

Frier lies downe. Then Frier lie thee downe and die.
And if any aſke the reaſon why,
Anſwere and ſay thou canſt not tel,
Vnles becauſe thou muſt to hel.

Eli. No Frier becauſe thou didſt rebel,
Gentle Sir *Rice* ring out thy knel.

Lluellen. And *Maddocke* towle thy paſsing bel.
So there lies a ſtrawe, and now to the law maiſters and friends, naked came we into the worlde naked are wee turnd

tnrnd out of the good townes into the wilderneſſe, let mee ſaie Maſſe, me thinkes we are a handſome Common-wealth, a handful of goodfellowes, ſet a ſunning 1290 to dog on our own diſcretion, what ſay you Sir? we are enough to keepe a paſſage, will you be ruled by mee? weele get the next daie from *Brecknocke* the booke of *Robin Hood*, the Frier he ſhal inſtruct vs in his cauſe and weele euen here fair and well ſince the king hath put vs amongſt the diſcarding cardes, and as it were turned vs with deuces and traies out of the decke, euerie man take his ſtanding on *Mannocke deny* and wander like irregulers vp and down the wilderneſſe, ile be maiſter of miſrule, ile be *Robin Hood* that once, couſin *Kice* thou 1300 ſhalt be little *Iohn*, and hers Frier *Dauid* as fit as a die for Frier *Tucke*, now my ſweet *Nel* if you wil make vp the meſſe with a good heart for Maide marian and doe well with *Lluellen* vnder the greene wood trees, with as good a wil as in the good townes, why *plena eſt curia.*

Eli. My ſweeteſt loue and this my infracte fortune could neuer vaunt har ſoueraignty, and ſhouldeſt thou paſſe the foorde of *Phlegeton*, or with *Leander* win the *Helliſpont* in deſerts, *Oenophrius* euer dwell, or builde thy bowre on *Aetnas* fierie tops, thy *Nel* would 1310 follow thee and keepe with thee, thy *Nel* would feede with thee and ſſeepe with thee.

Friar. O Cupido quantus quantus.

Mere. Brauelie reſolude Madam and then what reſts my Lord *Robin* but we will liue and die together like Chamber *Britaines*, *Robin Hood*, little *Iohn*, Frier *Tucke*, and *Maide marrian.*

Llue. There reſts nothing now coſin but that I ſell my chaine to ſet vs all in greene and weele al play the *Pioners* to make vs a caue and Cabban for al weathers. 1320

Eli. My ſweete *Lluellen* though this ſweet bee gal, *Patience* doth conquer me by out ſuffering al.

Frier. Now *Manmocke deny* I hold thee a peny,
Thou ſhalt haue neither ſheep nor goate:

But

But Frier *Dauid*, *Will* fleeces his coate,
VVhere euer *Iacke* my *Nouice* iet.
Al is fiſhe with him that comes to net,
Dauid this yeare thou paieſt no dette.
Exeunt ambo.

1330 *Enter Mortimor ſolus.*

Mortimor. VVhy Frier is it ſo plaine in deede,
Lluellen art thou flatly ſo reſolude:
To roiſt it out and rouſt ſo neare the king:
What ſhal we haue a paſſage kept in wales:
For men at armes and knights aduenturous?
By cocke Sir *Rice* I ſee no reaſon why,
Young *Mortimor* ſhould make one among:
And play his part on *Manmocke* dying here,
For loue of his beloued *Elinor*:
1340 His *Elinor* where ſhee his I wott,
The bitter Northern winde vppon the plaines:
The dampes that riſe from out the quechy plots:
Nor influence of contagious aire ſhould touch,
But ſhee ſhould court yet with the proudeſt dames,
Rich in attire and ſumptuous in her fare.
And take her eaſe in beds of ſafeſt Downe,
Why *Mortimor* may not thy offers moue,
And win ſweet *Elinor* from *Lluellens* loue,
Why pleſant gold and gentle eloquence,
1350 Haue tyſet the chaſeſt *Nimphs* the faireſt dames,
And vants of words, delights of wealth and eaſe,
Haue made a *Nunne* to yeelde *Lluellens*,
Being ſet to ſee the laſt of deſperate chance,
Why ſhould ſo faire a ſtarre ſtand in a vale?
And not be ſeene to ſparkle in the ſkie,
It is enough *Ioue* change his glittering robes:
To ſee *Mennoſyne* and the flies.
Maiſters haue after gentle *Robin hood*,
You are not ſo wel accompanied I hope:

But

But if a potter come to plaie his part, 1360
Youle giue him ſtripes or welcome good or worſe:
Goe *Mortimor* and make their loue holidaies,
The king wil take a common ſcuſe of thee,
And who hath more men to attend then *Mortimor.*

Exit Mortimor.

Enter Lluellen, Meredith, Frier, Elinor, and their traine. Sc. viii

They are all clad in greene &c. ſing &c. Blith and bonny, the ſong ended Lluelleu ſpeaketh.

Lluellen. Why ſo, I ſee my mates of olde, 1370
All were not lies that Bedlams told:
Of *Robin Hood* and little *Iohn,*
Frier *Tucke* and *Maide marian.*
Frier. I forſooth maiſter.
Lluellen. How well they coucht in forreſt green,
Frolike and liuelie with oaten teene:
And ſpent their daie in game and glee,
Lluellen doe ſeeke if ought pleaſe thee,
Nor though thy foot be out of towne,
Let thine looke blacke on *Edwards* Crowne. 1380
Nor thinke this greene is not ſo gaie,
As was the golden rich array:
And if ſweere *Nel* my *Marrian,*
Truſt me as I am Gentle man:
Thou art as fine in this attire:
As fine and fitte to my deſire,
As when of Leiſters Hal and bowre,
Thou wert the roſe and ſweeteſt flowre:
How ſaiſt thou Frier ſay I wel?
For anie thing becomes my *Nell.* 1390
Frier. Neuer made man of a woman borne,
A Bullockes taile a blowing horne,
Nor can an Aſſes hide diſguiſe,

A Lion if he rampe and riſe.
Eli. My Lord, the Frier is wondrous wiſe.
Lluellen. Beleeue him for he tels no lies,
But what doth little *Iohn* deuiſe?
Meredith. That *Robin Hood* beware of ſpies,
An aged ſaying an d a true,
1400 Blacke wil take no other hue.
He that of old hath beene thy foe:
Wil die but wil continue ſo.
Frier. O maiſters, whither ſhal we, doth anie liuing creature knowe?
Lluellen. *Rice* and I wil walke the round,
Frier ſee about the ground.
Enter Mortimor.
And ſpoile what praie is to be found.
My loue I leaue within in truſt,
1410 Becauſe I knowe thy dealing iuſt:
Come Potter come and welcome to,
Fare as we fare and doe as we doe.
Exit Lluellen & Meredith.
Frier. *Nell* adiew we goe for newes,
A little ſerues the Friers luſt,
When *nolens volens* faſt I muſt,
Maiſter at al that you refuſe.
Mortimor. Such a porter would I chooſe,
When I meane to blinde a skuſe,
1420 While *Robin* walke with little *Iohn*,
The Frier wil licke his marrian.
So wil the Porter if he can.
Eli. Now Frier ſith your lord is gone,
And you and I are left alone,
What can the Frier doe or ſaie,
To paſſe the wearie time away?
Wearie God wot poore wench to thee,
That neuer thought theſe daies to ſee.
Mortimor. Breake heart and ſplit mine eies in twaine,
1430 Neuer let me heare thoſe wordes againe.

Frier.

Friar. What can the Frier doe or ſaie?
To paſſe the wearie time awaie:
More dare I doe then he dare ſaie,
Becauſe he doubts to haue away.
Eli. Doe ſomewhat Frier ſaie or ſing,
That may to ſorrowes ſolace bring,
And I meane while wil Garlands make.
Morti. O *Mortimor* were it for thy ſake,
A Garland were the happieſt ſtake:
That euer this hand vnhappie drew. 1440
Frier. Miſtres ſhal I tel you true,
I haue a ſoug I learnd it long agoe,
I wot not whether yole like it wel or ill,
Tis ſhort and ſweete but ſomewhat brolde before,
Once let me ſing it and I aske no more.
Eli. What Frier will you ſo indeede,
Agrees it ſomewhat with your neede?
Frier. Why miſtres ſhal I ſing my creede,
Eli. Thats fitter of the two at neede.
Morti. O wench how maiſt thou hope to ſpeede? 1450
Frier. O miſtres out it goes.
Looke what comes next the Frier throes.

The Frier ſittes along and ſinges.

Morti. Such a ſitting who euer ſaw,
An Eagles bird of a Iacke dawe.
Eli. So Sir is this all?
Morti. Sweete heart heres no more.
Eli. How now good fellow more indeede,
By one then was before.
Frier. How now the diuel in ſteede of a dittie. 1460
Morti. Frier a dittie come late from the cittie,
To aske ſome pitty of this laſſe ſo pretty:
Some pitty ſweete miſtres I praie you.
Eli. How now Frier where are we now and you play not the man?

Frier. Friend Copes mate, you that come late from the Cittie,
To aske ſome pittie of this laſſe ſo prettie,
In likenes of a doleful dittie,
1470 Hang me if I doe not paie yee.
Mortimor. O Frier you grow chollericke, wel yole
Haue no man to Court your miſters but your ſelfe,
On my word ile take you downe a botton hole,
Frier. Ye talk, ye talke childe.

Enter Lluellen and Meredith.

Lluellen. Tis wel potter you fight in a good quarrel,
Meredith. Mas this blade wil holde let mee ſee then Frier.
Frier. Mines for mine owne turne I warrant, giue him
1480 his Tooles, riſe and lets to it, but no change and if you loue me, I skorne the oddes I can tel you, ſee faire play and you be Gentlemen.
Lluellen. Mary ſhal we Frier, let vs ſee, be their ſtaues of a length good, ſo now let vs deeme of the matter Frier and Potter without more clatter I haue caſt your water, and ſee as deepe into your deſire, as he that hadde dined euerie day into your boſome, O Frier wil nothing ſerue your turne but Larkes.
Are ſuch fine birds for ſuch courſe Clarkes,
1490 None but my *Marian* can ſerue your turne.
Eli. Caſt water, for the houſe wil burne.
Frier. O miſtres miſtres fleſh is fraile,
Ware when the ſigne is in the taile,
Mightie is loue and doth preuaile.
Lluellen. Therefore Frier ſhalt thou not faile,
But mightily your foe aſſaile:
And thraſh this Potter with thy flaile,
And Potter neuer raue nor raile,
Nor aske queſtions what I aile:
1500 But take this toole and doe not quaile,

But

But thrash this Friers russet cote:

They take the Flailes.

And make him sing a dastards note,
And crie *Peccaui miserere Dauid.*
In amo amaui: Goe to.

Mortimor. Strike, strike.

Frier. Strike Potter be thou liefe or loth,
And if youle not strike ile strike for both.

Potter strikes. He must needs go that the diuel driues
Then Frier beware of other mens wiues. 1510

Frier strikes. I wish maister proud Potter the Diuell haue my soule:
But ile make my flaile *circumscribe* your noule.

Lluellen. Why so, now it cottens, now the game beginnes.
One knaue currieth another for his sinnes.

Frier kneeles. O maister short en my offences in mine eies.
If this Crucifige doe not suffice,
Send me to Heauen in a hempen sacrifice. 1520

Mortimer kneeles. O maisters maisters let this bee warning:
The Frier hath infected me with his learning.

Lluellen. Villains do not touch the forbidden haire now to delude, or to dishonor me.

Frier. O maister, *quæ negata sunt grata sunt.*

Lluellen. *Rice* euery day thus shal it be, weele haue a thrashing set among the Friers, and he that of these chalengers laies on slowest loade, be thou at hand *Rice* to gore him with thy gode. 1530

Frier. A Potter Potter the Frier may rue,
That euer this day this our quarrel he knew:
My pate adle, mine armes blacke and blue.

Potter. Ah Frier who may his fates force eschew,
I thinke Frier you are prettilie scholde,

Frier. And I thinke the Potter is handsomlie coold,

Exeunt ambo.

Morti. No *Mortimor* here that Eternal fire,
That burnes and flames with brands of hot deſire:
1540 Why *Mortimor*, why doeſt thou not diſcouer,
Thy ſelfe her knight her liegeman and her louer?
Exit Mortimor.

Sc. ix *Enter Iohn Balioll, King of Scots with his traine.*

Lords of Albana, and my peeres in France,
Since *Balioll* is inueſted in his rights,
And weares the roial Scottiſh Diadem,
Time is to rouze him that the world may wotte,
Scotland diſdaines to carrie Englands yoke.
1550 Therefore my friends thus put in readines,
Why ſlacke we time to greete the Engliſh king?
With reſolute meſſage to let him know our minds,
Lord *Verſſes* though thy faith and oath be tane,
To follow *Baliols* armes for Scotlands right,
Yet is thy heart to Englands honor knit,
Therefore in ſpite of England and thy ſelfe,
Beare thou defiaunce proudly to thy king,
Tel him *Albania* findes heart and hope,
To ſhake off Englands tiranny be time,
1560 To reskue Scotlands honor with his ſword,
Lorde *Bruze* ſee caſt about *Verſſes* necke,
A ſtrangling halter that he minde his haſt.
How ſaieſt thou *Verſſes* wilt thou doe this meſſage?
Verſſes. Although no comon poſt, yet for my king
I wil to England maugre Englands might,
And doe mine arrand boldly as becomes,
Albeit I honor Engliſh *Edwards* name,
And hold this ſlauiſh contemnment to skorne.
Balioll. Then hie away as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
1570 And meete me on our rodes on Englands ground,
We therethinke of thy meſſage and thy haſt.
Sound Trumpets. *Exit Balioll.*

Enter

Enter King Edward Longshankes, Edmund Duke of Lancaſter, Gloſter, Suſſex, Dauid, Creſpall booted from Northam. Sc. x

Longsh. Now haue I leaſure Lords to bid you welcome into Wales.
Welcome ſweet *Edmund* to chriſten thy young nephew
And welcome *Creſsingham*, giue me thy hand,
But *Suſſex* what became of *Mortimor*? 1580
We haue not ſeene the man this manie a daie.

Suſſex. Before your highnes rid frõ hence to Northam.
Sir *Roger* was a ſuter to your Grace,
Touching faire *Elinor Lluellens* loue,
And ſo belike denide with diſcontent,
A diſcontinues from your Roial preſence.

Longsh. Why *Suſſex* ſaide we not for *Elinor*,
So ſhe would leaue whom ſhe had loued too long,
Shee might haue fauour with my Queene and me,
But man, her minde aboue her fortune mounts, 1590
And thats a cauſe ſhe failes in her accounts.
But goe with me my lord of *Lancaster*,
We will goe ſee my beatuous louely Queene,
That hath inricht me with a goodly boie.

King Edward, Edmund, and Gloſter, goes into the Queenes Chamber, the Queenes Tent opens, ſhee is diſcouered in her bed, attended by Mary Dutches of Lancaſter, Ione of Acon her daughter, & the Queen dandles his young ſonne.

Longsh. Ladies by your leaue, how doth my *Nell*, mine 1600
owne, my loue, my life, my heart, my deare, my doue, my Queene, my wife.

Eli. *Ned* art thou come, ſweet *Ned* welcome my ioy.
Thy *Nell* preſents thee with a louely boy,
Kiſſe him, and chriſten him after thine owne name.
Hey ho whom doe I ſee, my lord of *Lancaſter*, welcome hartely.

Lancaſter

Lancaſter. I thanke your grace, ſweet *Nell* wel mette withall.

1610 *Q. Eli.* Brother *Emund* hers a kinſman of yours you muſt needes be acquainted.

Edmund. A goodly boy God bleſſe him, giue mee your hand Sir, you are welcome into Wales.

Qu. Eli. Brother thers a fiſt I warrant you wil holde a Mace as faſt as euer did father or grandfather before him.

Longsh. But tel in now lapt in Lillie bands,
How with my Queen, my louely boie it ſtands:
After thy iourney and theſe childbed paines.

1620 *Qu. Eli.* Sicke mine owne *Ned* thy *Nell* for thy companie:
That lured her with thy lies all ſo farre,
To follow thee vnweldie in thy warre,
But I forgiue thee *Ned* my lims delight:
So thy young ſonne thou ſee be brauelie dight,
And in *Carnaruan* chriſtened roiallie.
Sweet loue let him be lapt moſt curiouſlie,
He is thine owne, as true as he is thine,
Take order then that he be paſsing fine.

1630 *Longsh.* My louelie Ladie let that care be leſſe,
For my young ſonne the countrey wil I feaſt:
And haue him borne as brauely to the funt,
As euer yet Kings ſonne to Chriſtning went.
Lacke thou no precious thing to comfort thee,
Dereare then Englands Diadem vnto me.

Qu. Eli. Thankes gentle Lord, nurſe rocke the Cradle, fie:
The King ſo neare, and here the boie to crie?
Ione take him vp and ſing a *Lullabie.*

1640 *Longsh.* Tis wel beleeue me wench godamercie *Ione,*

Edmund. Shee learnes my Lord to lull a young one of her owne.

Qu. Eli. Giue me ſome drinke.

Longsh. Drinke *Nectar* my ſweete *Nell,*

Worthy

Worthy for ſeat in heauen with Ioue to dwell.
Eli. Gramercis *Ned*, now wel remembred yet,
I haue a ſuite ſweete lord, but you muſt not denie it,
Whereas my Lord of *Gloſter*, good *Clace* mine hoſt, my guide,
Good *Ned* let *Ione* of *Acon* be his bride, 1650
Aſſure your ſelfe that they are throughly wooed.
Longsh. God ſend the King be taken in the mood,
Then Neece tis like that you ſhall haue a husband,
Come hither *Gloster* hold giue her thy hand,
Take her, ſole daughter to the Queene of England.
Longsh. giues her to Gloſter.
For newes hee brought *Nell* of my young ſonne,
I promiſt him as much as I haue done.
Gloſter and Ione hand in hand.
We humbly thanke your maieſtie. 1660
Edmund. Much ioy may them betide,
A gallant bridegrome and a princely bride.
Longsh. Now ſay ſweete Queene what doth my Lady craue?
Tell me what name ſhal this young Welſhman haue.
Borne Prince of wales by *Cambrias* full conſent.
Eli. Edward the name, that doth me wel content,
Longsh. Then *Edward* of *Carnaruan* ſhal he be,
And Prince of Wales chriſtned in roialtie.
D. Edmund. My Lord I thinke the Queene woulde take a nappe, 1670
Ione. Nurſe take the childe and hold in your lappe,
Longsh. Farewell good *Ione* be careful of my Queen.
Sleepe *Nell*, the faireſt Swan mine eies haue ſeene.

They cloſe the Tent.

D. Edmund. I had forgot to aſke your Maieſty,
How doe you with the Abbies here in Wales,
Longsh. As kings with rebels *Mun*, our right preuails,
We haue good *Robin Hood* and little *Iohn*,

1680 The Frier and the good *Maide marrian.*
Why our *Lluellen* is a mightie man.
Gloſter. Truſt me my Lord, me thinks twere very good
That ſome good fellowes went and ſcourd the wood,
And take in hand to cudgell *Robin Hood.*
I thinke the Frier for all his luſty lookes,
Nor *Robin* rule with their gleames and hookes,
But would be quickely driuen to the nookes.
Dauid. I can aſſure your highnes what I knowe,
The falſe *Lluellen* will not runne nor goe.
1690 Or giue an inche of ground come man for man,
Nor that proude rebel called little *Iohn*,
To him that welds the maſsieſt ſword of England,
Gloſter. Welſhman, how wilt thou that we vnderſtand,
But for *Lluellen*, *Dauid* I denie,
England hath men will make *Lluellen* flie,
Maugre his beard and hide him in a hole,
VVearie of Englands dints and manly dole.
D. Edm. Gloſter, grow not ſo hot in Englands right,
That paints his honor out in euerie fight.
1700 *Long.* By Gis faire Lords ere many daies be paſt,
England ſhall giue this *Robin Hood* his breakefaſt.
Dauid, be ſecrete friend to that I ſaie,
And if I vſe thy skill thou knoweſt the waie.
VVhere this proude *Robin* and his yeomen rome.
Dauid. I do my Lord and blindfold thither can I run.
Longsh. Dauid enough, as I am a Gentleman,
Ile haue one merrie flirt with little *Iohn*,
And *Robin Hood*, and his *Maide marrian.*
Be thou my counſell and my companie,
1710 And thou maiſt Enlands reſolution ſee.

Enter Suſſex before the foure Barons of Wales.

Suſſex. May it pleaſe your maieſtie, here are 4. good Squires of the *Cantreds* where they do dwell, come in the name of the whole countrey to gratulate vnto your high-

highnes all your good fortunes, and by me offer their moſt humble ſeruice to your young ſonne their Prince, whom they moſt heartely beſeech God to bleſſe with long life and honor.

Longsh. Wel ſaid *Suſſex* I pray bid them come neare,
Sir *Dau.* truſt me, this is kindly don of your cuntrey mẽ. 1720

Dauid. Villains, Traitors to the ancient glory and renowne of *Cambria*, *Morris Vaghan* art thou there, and thou proude Lord of *Angleſee.* *They kneele downe.*

Enter Suſſex with the foure Barrons of Wales, with the Mantle of friſe.

Mantle Barrons. The poore countrey of *Cambria* by vs vnworthie meſſengers, gratulats to your maieſty the birth of your young ſonne Prince of Wales, and in this poore preſt expreſt their moſt zealous duetie and affection, which with all humblenes we preſent to your 1730
highnes ſweete and ſacred hands.

Longsh. Gramercis Barons for your giftes and good wils, by this means my boie ſhal weare a Mantle of cuntries weauing to keepe him warm, and liue for Englands honor and Cambrias good, I ſhall not neede I truſt curteouſly to inuite you, I doubt not Lords but you wil be all in readines to waite on your young Prince and doe him honor at his chriſtning.

Suſſex. The whole countrey of Cambria round about all wel horſt, and attended on both men and women in 1740
their beſt array, are come downe to doe ſeruice of loue and honour to our late born Prince, your Maieſties ſon and honnie, the men and women of *Sowdone* eſpecially haue ſent in great abundance of cattle & corn enough by computacion for your highnes houſheld a whole month and more.

Long. We thank them all, and wil preſent our Q. with theſe curteſies and preſents beſtowed on her yong Son, and greatly account you for our frends. *Exite* 4 *Barons.*

1750 *The Queens Tent opens, the King his brother the Earle of Gloſter enter.*

Elinor. VVho talketh there?

Longsh. A friend Madam.

Ione. Madam it is the King.

Elinor. VVelcome my Lord hey ho what haue wee there?

Longsh. Madam the countrey in all kindnes and duty recommend their ſeruice and good will to your ſonne and in token of their pure good will, preſents him by vs
1760 with a mantle of frize richlie lined to keepe him warm,

Q. Elinor. A mantle of frize, fie fie for Gods ſake let me here no more of it and if you loue me, fie my lorde is this the wiſedome and kindnes of the countrey? now I commend me to them all, and if VVales haue no more witte or manners, then to cloath a Kings ſonne in frize I haue a mantle in ſtore for my boie, that ſhall I trowe make him ſhine like the ſonne, and prefume the ſtreetes where he comes.

Longsh. In good time Madam, he is your own, lappe
1770 him as you liſt, but I promiſe thee *Nell* I would not for tenne thouſand pounds the countrey ſhould take vnkindnes at thy wordes.

Q. Elinor. Tis no maruaile ſure, you haue beene roially receaued at their handes, no *Ned*, but that thy *Nell* doth want of her will, her boie ſhould gliſter like the Sommers Sunne in robes as rich as *Ioue* when hee triumphes.

His pappe ſhould be of precious *Nectar* made,
His food *Ambroſia* no earthlie womans milke,
1780 Sweete fires of Sinamon to open him by,
The *Graces* on his craddle ſhould attend,
Venus ſhould make his bed and waite on him,
And *Phebus* daughter ſing him ſtill a ſleepe.
Thus would I haue my boie vſed as deuine,
Becauſe he is king *Edwardes* ſonne and mine.

And

And doe you meane to make him vp in frize,
For God ſake laie it vp charilie, and perfume it againſt winter, it will make him a goodly warme Chriſtemas coate.

Longsh. Ah *Mun* my brother, dearer then my life, 1790
How this proude honor ſlaies my heart with griefe.
Sweete Queene how much I pittie the effects,
This Spaniſh pride grees not with Englands prince,
Milde is the mind where honor builds his bowre,
And yet is earthlie honor but a flowre.
Faſt to thoſe lookes are all my fancies tide,
Pleaſde with thy ſweetnes, angry with thy pride.

Qu. Eli. Fie fie me thinkes I am not where I ſhoulde bee,
Or at the leaſt I am not where I would be. 1800

Longsh. VVat wants my Queene to perfecte her content,
But aske and haue the King will not repent.

Qu. Eli. Thankes gentle *Edward*, lordes haue at you then,
Haue at you all long bearded Engliſhmen,
Haue at you lords and ladies when I craue,
To giue your Engliſh pride a Spaniſh braue.

Longsh. VVhat meanes my Queene *Gloſter*, this is a Spaniſh fitte. 1810

Qu. Eli. Ned thou haſt graunted and canſt not reuoke it.

Longsh. Sweete Queene ſaie on my worde ſhall bee my deede.

Qu. Elinor. Then ſhal my wordes make many a boſom bleede.
Reede *Ned* thy Queenes requeſt lapt vp in rime,
And ſaie thy *Nell* had skil to chooſe her time.

Read the paper Rice.

The pride of Engliſhmens long haire, 1820
Is more then Englands Queene can beare:
VVomens right breaſt cut them off al,

And let the great tree periſh with the ſmall.

Longsh. VVhat meanes my louelie *Elinor* by this?

Qu. Elinor. Not be denide for my requeſt it is.

The rime is, that mens beards and womens breaſts bee cutte off. &c.

D. Edmund. Gloſter, an olde ſaid ſaying, he that grants all is askt,

1830 Is much harder then *Hercules* taske.

Gloſt. VVere the King ſo mad as the Queen is wood,
Here were an end of Englands good.

Long. My word is paſt I am well agreede,
Let mens beards milt and womens boſomes bleed.
Call foorth my Barbers, Lords weele firſt beginne.

Enter two Barbers.

Come ſirra cutte me cloſe vnto the chinne,
And round me euen ſeeſt thou by a diſhe,
Leaue not a locke, my Queene ſhall haue her wiſhe.

1840 *Qu. Eli.* VVhat *Ned*, thoſe locks that euer pleaſd thy
VVere her deſire, where her delight doth dwell, (*Nel*?
VVilt thou deface that ſiluer laborinth?
More orient then pimpilde Hyancinth,
Sweete *Ned*, thy ſacred perſon ought not droupe,
Though my command make other gallants ſtoupe.

Longsh. Madam, pardon me and pardon all,
No iuſtice but the great runnes with the ſmall.
Tell me good *Gloſter* art thou not affeard?

Gloſter. No my Lord but reſolude to loſe my bearde.

1850 *Longsh.* Now Madam if you purpoſe to proceede,
To make ſo many guiltles Ladies bleede.
Here muſt the law begin, ſweete *Elinor* at thy breaſt,
And ſtrech it ſelfe with violence to the reſt.
Elſe Princes ought no other doe,
Faire ladie, then they would be done vnto.

Qu. Eli. VVhat logick cal you this, doth *Edward* mock his loue?

Longsh. No *Nell* he doth as beſt in honor doth behoue,
And praies thee gentle Queene, and let my praies moue,

Leaue

Leaue theſe vngentle thoughts, put on a milder mind, 1860
Sweet lookes, not loftie, ciuil mood becomes a womans kinde:
And liue as being dead, and buried in the ground,
Thou maiſt for affability and honor be renownde.

Qu. Elin. Naie and you preach, I pray my lord begon,
The childe will crie and trouble you anon.

The Nurſe cloſeth the Tent.

Quo ſemel eſt imbutarecens ſeruabit odorem Teſta diu.

L. Maris. Proud inceſt in the craddle of diſdaine,
Bred vp in court of pride, brought vp in Spaine, 1870
Doeſt thou command him coily from thy ſight?
That is the ſtarre, the glorie of thy ſight.

Longsh. O could I with the riches of my crowne,
Buy better thoughts for my renowmed *Nel*,
Thy minde ſweete Queen ſhould be as beautifull,
As is thy face, as is thy features all,
Fraught with pure honor, treaſure, and enricht,
VVith vertues and glorie incomparable.
Ladies about her Maieſtie, ſe that the Queen your mother know not ſo much, but at any hand our pleaſure is, 1880 that our young ſonne be in this Mantle borne to his Chriſtening, for ſpeciall reaſons is thereto mouing, from the Church as beſt it pleaſe your womens wittes to deuiſe, yet ſweete *Ione* ſee this faithfullie perfourmed, and heare you daughter, looke you be not laſt vp when this day coms, leaſt *Gloſter* find another Bride in your ſteed, *Dauid* goe with me. (*Gloſter.*

Gloſte. Shee riſeth earelie *Ione*, that beguileth thee of a

Edmund. beleeue him not ſweete Neece, wemen can ſpeake ſmooth for aduantage. 1890

Ione. VVe men doe you mean my good vnckle?
VVell be the accent where it will women are women, I will beleeue you for as great a matter as this comes to my lord.

Gloſt. Gramercies ſweet ladie, *& habebis fidei mercedem contrà.* *Exite.*

Enter

Sc. xi *Enter the Nouice and his company to giue the Queene Muſicke at her Tent.*

Nouice. Come fellowes, caſt your ſelues euen round
1900 in a ſtring, a ring I would ſay, come merelie on my word for the Queene is moſt liberall, and if you will pleaſe her well ſhee wil paie you roially, ſo lawful to braue wel thy *Brittiſhe* luſtilie, to ſolace our good Queene God ſaue her Grace, and giue our young Prince a carpell in their kinde, come on come on ſet your crouds and beate your heads together and behaue you handſomelie.

Here they ſing.

Sc. xii *Enter the Frier Dauid alone.*

Frier. I haue a budget in my noſe this gaie morning,
1910 and now wil I trie how clarkly the Frier can behaue him ſelfe, tis a common faſhion to get golde with ſtand, deliuer your purſes, Frier *Dauies* wil once in his daies get money by witte, there is a rich Farmer ſhould paſſe this waies to receaue a round ſumme of money, if hee come to me the money is mine, and the law ſhall take no vantage, I wil cut off the law as the hangman would cutte a man downe when he hath ſhaken his heeles halfe an hour vnder the gallowes, wel I muſt take ſome pains for this golde, and haue at it.

1920 *The Frier ſpreads the lappet of his gowne and fals to dice.*

Enter a Farmer.

Farmer. Tis an olde ſaide ſaying I remember I redde it in *Catoes Pueriles*, that *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.* A mans purſe pennileſſe may ſing before a thiefe, true as I haue not one pennie, which makes me ſo peartly paſſe through theſe thickets, but indeede I receaue a hundred marks, and al the care is how I ſhal paſſe againe, well

wel, I reſolued either to ride twenty miles about, or elſe to be ſo well accompanied that I will not care for theſe ruffelers. 1930

Frier. Did euer man play with ſuch vncircumciſed handes, ſice ace to eleuen and loſe the chaunce.

Farmer. God ſpeed good fellow, why chafeſt thou ſo faſt, thers no body will win thy money from thee.

Frier. Sounds you offer me iniury Sir to ſpeake in my caſt.

Farmer. The Frier vndoubtedly is lunaticke, I pray thee good fellow leaue chaffing, and get ſome warme drinke to comfort thy braines.

Frier. Alas Sir I am not lunaticke, tis not ſo well, for 1940 I haue loſt my money which is farre worſe, I haue loſt fiue golde Nobles to S *Francis*, and if I knew where to meete with his receauer I would paie him preſently.

Farmer. Wouldeſt thou ſpeake with S. *Francis* receauer?

Friar. O Lord, I Sir full gladlie.

Farmer. Why man I am S. *Francis* receauer, if you would haue anie thing with him.

Frier. Are you S. *Francis* receauer, Ieſus, Ieſus, are you S. *Francis* receauer, and how does all? 1950

Farmer. I am his receauer, and am now going to him, abids S. *Thomas a Waterings* to breakefaſt this morning to a calfes head and bacon.

Frier. Good Lord Sir I beſeech you carrie him theſe fiue Nobles, and tell him I deale honeſtlie with him as if he were here preſent.

Farmer. I will of my word and honeſtie Frier, and ſo farewell.

Frier. Farewel S. *Francis* receauer euen heartely, well now the Frier is out of caſh fiue Nobles, God knowes 1960 how he ſhall come into caſh againe, but I muſt to it again, theres nine for your holines and ſixe for me.

Enter Lluellen, Meredith, Potter, with there priſoners.

Lluellen. Come on my hearts, bring forth your priſoners and let vs ſee what ſtore of fiſhe is there in their purſenets, Frier why chafeſt thou man heres no bodie wil offer thee anie foule plaie I warrant thee.

Dauid. O good maiſter giue me leaue, my hand is in a
1970 little, I truſt I ſhall recouer my loſſes.

Lluellen. The Frier is mad, but let him alone with his deuiſe, and now to you my maiſters, Pedler, Prieſt and Piper, throw downe your budgets in the mean while, and when the Frier is at leaſure he ſhal tel you what you ſhall truſt to. (ſhoe,

Pedler. Alas ſir I haue but 3. pence in the corner of my

Meredith. Neuer a ſhoulder of Mutton Piper in your Taber, but ſoft here comes companie.

Enter Longshankes, Dauid, Farmer.

1980 *Farmer.* Alas gentlemen it you loue your ſelues doe not venter through this mountaine, heres ſuch a coile with *Robin Hood* and his rabell that euerie croſſe in my purſe trembles for feare.

Longsh. Honeſt man as I ſaide to thee before, conduct vs through this wood, and if thou beeſt robde, or haue anie violence offered thee, as I am a Gentleman I will repaie it thee againe.

Dauid. How much money haſt thou about thee?

Farmer. Faith Sir a hundred marks, I receiued it euen
1990 now at Breaknocke, but out alas we are vndone, yonder is *Robin Hood* and al the ſtrong theeues in the mountain I haue no hope left but your honors aſſurance.

Longsh. Feare not I will be my words maiſter.

Frier. Good maiſter and if you loue the Frier, giue aime a while I you deſire: and as you like of my deuiſe, ſo loue him that holdes the diſe.

Farmer.

Farmer. What Frier art thou ſtil laboring ſo hard, wil you haue anie thing more to S. Francis?

Frier. Good lord are you here ſweet S. Francis receauer, how doth his holines and al his good familie? 2000

Farmer. In good health faith Frier, haſt thou anie Nobles for him?

Frier. You knowe the dice are not partiall and Saint Francis were ten S. they wil fauor him no more thẽ they would fauour the Diuel if he plaie at dice, in verie truth my friend they haue fauored the Frier, and I haue won a C. marks of S. Francis, come Sir I praie, ſirra draw it ouer I know ſirra he is a good man and neuer deceaues none.

Farmer. Draw it ouer, what meaneſt thou by that?

Frier. Why *in numeratis pecuniis legem pone*, paie me my 2010 winnings.

Far. What aſſe is this, ſhould I pay thee thy winnings?

Frier. Why art not thou ſirra Saint Francis receauer?

Farmer. Indeede I doe receaue for Saint Francis.

Frier. Then ile make you paie for S. Francis thats flat.

Busling on both ſides.

Farmer. Helpe helpe I am robde, I am robde.

Longsh. Villaine you wrong the man, hands off.

Frier. Maiſters I beſeech you leaue this brawling and giue me leaue to ſpeake, ſo it is I went to dice with S. 2020 Francis & loſt fiue Nobles, by good fortune his Caſhier came by, receaued it of me in readie caſh, I being verie deſirous to trie my fortune further, plaide ſtill, and as the dice not being bound prentiſe to him or anie man, fauored me, I drew a hand and wonne a hundred marks, now I refer it to your iudgements whither the Frier is to ſeeke his winnings.

Longsh. Marie Frier the Farmer muſt and ſhall paie thee honeſtly ere he paſſe.

Farmer. Shall I ſir, why will you be content to paie 2030 halfe as you promiſt me.

Longsh. I Farmer if you had beene robde of it, but if you bee a gameſter ile take no charge of you I.

Farmer. Alas I am vndone.

Lluellen. So ſir Frier, now you haue gathered vp your winnings I pray you ſtand vp and giue the meſſeugers their charge that *Robin Hood* may receaue his Toule.

Frier. And ſhal my Lord. Our thriſe renowmed *Lluellen* Prince of Wales and *Robin Hood* of the great moun-
2040 taine, doth will and command all paſſengers at the ſight of *Richard* ſeruaunt vnto me Frier *Dauid ap Tucke* to lay downe their weapons, and quietlie to yeeld for cuſtom towards the maintenance of his highnes wars, the halfe of al ſuch golde, ſiluer, money, and money worth, as the ſaide meſſenger hath then about him, but if he conceal anie part or parcel of the ſame, then ſhall he forfaite all that he poſſeſſeth at that preſent, and this ſentence is irreuocable confirmed by our Lord *Lluellen* Prince of Wales, and *Robin Hood* of the great mountaines.

2050 *Lluellen.* So vaile your budgettes to *Robin* of the mountaine, but what art thou that diſdaineſt to paie this cuſtõe, as if thou ſcorneſt the greatnes of the prince of Wales?

Longsh. Faith *Robin* thou ſeemeſt to be a good fellow theres my bagge, halfe is mine and halfe is thine, but lets to it if thou darſt man for man, to trie who ſhal haue the whole.

Lluellen. Why thou ſpeakeſt as thou ſhouldſt ſpeak. My maiſters on pain of my diſpleaſure depart the place
2060 and leaue vs two to our ſelues, I muſt lope his Longſhankes, for ile eare to a paire of Longſhankes.

Longsh. They are faire markes ſir, and I muſt defende as I may, *Dauy* be gone, hold here my hearts, long legs giues you this amongſt you to ſpend blows one with an other, *Dauie* now *Dauie* daies are almoſt come at ende.

Mortim. But *Mortimor* this ſight is ſtrange, ſtaye thou in ſome corner to ſee what wil befal in this battaile.

Edward. Now *Robin* of the wood, alias *Robin Hood*, be it knowen to your worſhip by theſe preſents, that the
2070 Longſhankes which you aime at, haue brought the king of

of England into theſe mountaines, to vſe *Lluellen*, and to cracke a blade with his man that ſuppoſeth himſelfe Prince of Wales.

Lluellen. What Sir King, welcome to *Cambrias*, what fooliſh *Edward*, darſt thou endanger thy ſelfe to trauail theſe mountaines, art thou ſo fooliſh hardie as to combate with the Prince of Wales?

Edward. What I dare thou ſeeſt, what I can performe thou ſhalt ſhortlie knowe, I thinke thee a Gentleman, and therefore holde no ſcorne to fight with thee. 2080

Lluellen. No *Edward* I am as good a man as thy ſelfe.

Longsh. That ſhall I trie.

They fight, and Dauid takes his brothers part, and Mortimor the Kings.

Edward. Halloe *Edward* how are thy ſences confounded, what *Dauy* is it poſsible thou ſhouldeſt be falſe to England?

Dauy. Edward I am true to Wales, and ſo haue beene frendes ſince my birth, and that ſhal the King of England know to his coſt. 2090

Lluellen. What Potter, did not I charge you to begon with your fellowes?

Mortimor. No Traitor no Potter I, but *Mortimor* the Earle of *March*, whoſe comming to theſe woods, is to deceiue thee of thy loue, and reſerued to ſaue my ſoueraignes life.

Dauid. Vppon them brother let them not breath.

The King hath Lluellen downe, and Dauid hath Mortimor downe.

Longsh. Villaine thou dieſt, God and my right hath 2100 preuailed.

Dauid. Baſe Earle now doth *Dauid* triumph in thine ouerthrow, aie is me *Lluellen* at the feet of Longſhanks.

Longsh. What *Mortimor* vnder the ſword of ſuch a Traitor?

Mortimor. Braue King run thy ſword vp to the hiltes into the bloud of the rebell.

Longsh. O *Mortimor* thy life is dearer to me then millions of rebels.

2110 *Dauid. Edward* relieue my brother and *Mortimor* liues.

Longsh. I villaine thou knoweſt too wel how deare I holde my *Mortimor*, riſe man and aſſure thee, and the hate I beare to thee is long, in reſpect of the deadly hatred I beare to that notorious rebell.

Mortimor. Awaie, his ſight to me is like the ſight of a Cockeatrice, villaine I goe to reuenge me on thy treaſon, and to make thee patterne to the world, of mountains treaſon, falſhood and ingratitude.

Exit Mortimor.

2120 *Dauid.* Brother a chafes, but hard was your hap to be ouermaſtered by the coward.

Lluellen. No coward *Dauid*, his courage is like to the Lion, and were it not that rule and ſoueraigntie ſets vs at iarre, I could loue and honor the man for his valour.

Dauid. But the Potter, oh the villaine will neuer out of my minde whilſt I liue, and I wil laie to be reuenged on his villanie.

Lluellen. Wel *Dauid* what wil be ſhall be, therefore caſting theſe matters out of our heads, *Dauid* thou art 2130 welcome to *Cambria*, let vs in and bee merrie after this colde cooling, and to prepare to ſtrengthen our ſelues againſt the laſt threatnings. *Exeunt ambo.*

Sc. xiii *After the Chriſtening and marriage done, the Harrolds hauing attended, they paſſe ouer, the bride is led by two Noble men, Edmund of Lancaſter, and the Earle of Suſſex, and the Biſhop.*

Gloſter. Welcome *Ione* Counteſſe of *Gloſter*, to *Gilbert de Clare* for euer, God giue them ioie, coſin *Gloster*, let

vs

vs now goe visite the King and Queen, and present ther Maiesties with their yong sonne, *Edward Prince of Wales.* 2140

Then all passe in their order to the kings pauilion, the king sits in his Tent with his pages about him.

Bishop. Wee represent your highnes most humblie, with your young sonne *Edward* of *Carnaruan* Prince of Wales. *Sound Trumpets.*

Omnes. God saue *Edward* of *Carnaruan* prince of Wales.

Longsh. kisses them both Edward Prince of Wales God blesse thee with long life and honor, welcom *Ione* countesse of *Gloster*, God blesse thee and thine for euer. lords let vs visite my Queene and wife, whome we wil at once 2150 present with a Son and daughter honored to her desire.

Sound Trumpets, they all march to the Chamber.

Bishop speakes to her in her bed.

Wee humblie present your Maiestie with your yong sonne *Edward* of *Carnaruan* Prince of VVales.

Sound Trumpets.

Omnes. God saue *Edward* of *Carnaruan* prince of wales:

Queene Elinor shee kisses him.

Gramercis Bishop, holde take that to buie thee a Rochell, welcome VVelshman, here Nurse open him and 2160 haue him to the fire for God sake, they haue touzed him, and wash thim throughlie and that bee good, and welcome *Ione* Countesse of *Gloster*, God blesse thee with long life, honor, and hearts ease.

I am nowe as good as my word *Gloster*, shee is thine make much of her gentle Earle.

Longsh. Now my sweete *Nell* what more commandeth my Queene that nothing may want to perfect her contentment.

Q. Eli. No thing sweet *Ned*, but pray my king to feaste 2170 the Lords and ladies roiallie, and thankes a thousand times

times good men and women, to you all, for this duetie and honor done to your Prince.

Longsh. Maiſter Bridegroome by olde cuſtome this is your waiting daie, Sir *Dauid* you may commaund al ample welcome in our court, for your cuntreymen: brother *Edmund* reuell it now or neuer for honour of your Englands ſonne, *Gloſter* now like a braue Bridegrome marſhall this manie, and ſet theſe Lords and Ladies to dan-
2180 cing, ſo ſhall you fulfil the olde Engliſh prouerbe, tis merrie in Hall when beardes wag all.

After the ſhowe, and the King and Queen with all the lordes and ladies in place, Longshanks ſpeaketh.

What tidings bringes *Verſſes* to our court?

Enter in Verſſes with a halter about his necke.

Verſſes Tidinges to make thee tremble Engliſhe king.

Longsh. Me tremble boie? muſt not bee newes from Scotland, can once make Engliſhe *Edward* ſtand a-
2190 gaſte.

Verſſes. Balioll hath choſen at this time to ſturre,
To rouze him Lion like and caſt the yoke:
That Scots inglorioufllie haue borne from thee,
And all the predeceſſors of thy line:
And make his roddes to reobtaine his rights,
And for his homage ſends thee al this deſpight.

Edmund. Why how now princockes prateſt thou to a king?

Verſſes. I doe my meſſage truely from my king,
2200 This ſword and targot chide in lowder tearmes,
I bring defiance from king *Iohn Balioll*,
To Engliſh *Edward* and his Barons all.

Longsh. Marie ſo me thinkes thou defieſt mee with a witnes.

Verſſes. Balioll my king in Barwicke makes his Court,
His campe he ſpreads vppon the ſandie plaine,

And

And dares thee to the battaile in his right.

Edmund. VVhat Court and Campe in Englishmens despight?

Longsh. Hold messenger, commend me to thy King, 2210
Weare thou my chaine and carrie this to him,
Greete all his route of Rebels more or lesse,
Tel them such shamefull end will hit them all,
And wend with this as resolutely backe,
As thou to England broughst thy Scottish braues,
Tel then disdainefullie *Balioll* from vs,
VVeele rouze him from his hold, and make him soone
Disloge his Campe, and take his walled towne.
Saie what I bid thee *Verſſes* to his teeth.
And earne this fauour and a better thing. 2220

Verſſes. Yes King of England whom my heart beloues,
Thinke as I promist him to braue thee heare,
So shall I bid *Iohn Balioll* bace from thee.

Longsh. So shalt thou earne my chaine and fauour *Verſſes*,
And carrie him this token that thou sendst:
VVhy now is Englands harueſt ripe,
Barons now maie you reape the rich renowne,
That vnder warlicke colours springs in field,
And growes where ensignes wan vppon the plains. 2230
False *Balioll* VVarwicke is no hold of proofe,
To shrowd thee from the strength of *Edwards* arme,
No Scot thy Treasons feare shal make the breach,
For Englands pure renowne to enter one.

Omnes. Amaine amaine vppon these treacherous Scottes.
Amaine saie all, vppon these treacherous Scots,

Longsh. VVhile wee with *Edmund*, *Gloster*, and the rest,
VVith speedie iourneis gather vp our forces, 2240
And beat these brauing Scots from Englands bounds,
Mortimor thou shalt take the route in taske,
That reuell here and spoile faire *Cambria*,

My Queene when ſhee is ſtrong and well a foote,
Shall poſt to London and repaſte her there,
Then God ſhall ſend vs happely all to meete,
And ioy the honors of our victories,
Take vantage of our foes and ſee the time,
Keepe ſtil our hold, our fight yet on the plaine,
2250 *Balioll* I come proud *Balioll* and ingrate,
Perſwaded to chaſe thy men from Englands gate.

Exit Edward King.

Sc. xiv *Enter Balioll with his traine.*

Balioll. Princes of Scotland and my louing friends.
VVhoſe neckes are ouer-wearied with the yoke,
And ſeruile bondage of theſe Engliſhmen,
Lift vp your hornes, and with your braſen hooſes,
Spurre at the honor of your Enemies.
Tis not ambitious thoughts of priuate rule,
2260 Hath forſt your king to take on him theſe Armes,
Tis countreis cauſe, it is the commons good,
Of vs and of our braue poſterity, to armes, to armes.
Verſſes by this hath tolde the King our mindes,
And he hath braued proud England to the prooſe,
VVe will renumerate his reſolution,
With gold, with glory, and with kingly gifts.
Lorde. By ſweet Saint Ierem *Verſſes* will not ſpare,
To tell his meſſage to the Engliſh King:
And beard the iolly *Long ſhankes* to his face,
2270 VVere he the greateſt Monarch in the world,
And here he comes his halter makes him haſt.

Enter Verſſes.

Long liue my lord the rightfull King of Scots.
Balioll. Welcome *Verſſes*, what newes from England?
Like to the meaſure of Scotlands King?
Verſſes. Verſſes my Lord in tearmes like to himſelfe,
Like to the meſſenger of Scottiſh King,
Defied the Peares of England and their lords,

That

That all his Barons trembles at my threats,
And *Longshankes* himſelfe as dainted and amaſed, 2280
Gazde on my face not witting what to ſay:
Till rouzing vp he ſhakte his threating haire,
Verſſes quoth he take thou King *Edwards* chaine,
Vppon condicion, thou a meſſage doe,
To *Balioll* falſe, periurde *Balioll.*
For in theſe tearmes he bad me greete your Grace,
And gaue this halter to your excellences,
I tooke the chaine and gaue your Grace the rope.
Balioll. You tooke the chaine and giue my Grace the rope, 2290
Lay hold on him, why miſcreat recreant,
And darſt thou bring a halter to thy King?
But I will quite thy paine, and in that chaine,
Vppon a ſiluer Gallowes ſhalt thou hang,
That honored with a golden rope of England,
And a ſiluer Gibbet of Scotland,
Thou maiſt hang in the aire for fowles to feede vppon,
And men to wonder at, awaie with him away.

After the ſight of Iohn Balioll is done, enter Mortimor purſuing of the Rebels. *Sc. xv*

Mort. Strike vp that drum, follow, purſue and chaſe, 2301
Follow, purſue, ſpare not the proudeſt he,
That hauocks Englands ſacred roialty. *Exit Morti.*

Then make the proclamation vpon the walles.
Sound Trumpets.

Enter Queene alone. *Sc. xvi*

Now fits the time to purge our melancholly, and bee reuenged vppon this London Dame.
Katherina.
Enter Katherina. At hand Madam. 2310

Queene. Bring forth our London Maris here.
Kather. I will Madam.
Queene. Now *Nell* bethinke thee of ſome tortures for the Dame:
And purge thy choller to the vttermoſt,
Enter Maris and Katherine.
Now miſtres Maris you haue attendance vrgde,
And therefore to requite your curteſie,
Our minde is to beſtow an office on you ſtraight.
2320 *Maris.* My ſelfe, my life, and ſeruice mighty Queen, are humblie at your Maieſties commaund.
Queene. Then miſtres Maris ſaie whether will you be our Nurſe or Landeres.
Maris. Then maie it pleaſe your Maieſtie, to entertaine your handmaide for your Nurſe, ſhee will attende the craddle carefully.
Queene. O no Nurſe, the Babe needes no great rockeing, it can lull it ſelfe, *Katherina* binde her in the chaire, and let me ſee how ſheele become a Nurſe, ſo now *Ka-*
2330 *therin* draw forth her breſt and let the Serpent ſucke his fil, why ſo now ſhee is a Nurſe, ſucke on ſweet Babe.
Maris. Ah Queene ſweete Queene, ſeeke not my bloud to ſpill:
For I ſhal die before this Adder haue his fil.
Queene. Die or die not, my minde is fullie pleaſed,
Come *Katherina* to London now wil we,
And leaue our Maris with her nurſerie.
Kath. Farewel ſweete Maris looke vnto the Babe.
Exeunt Queene and Kath.

2340 *Maris.* Farewel proud Queen the Autor of my death,
The ſcourge of England and to Engliſh dames:
Ah husband ſweete *Iohn Bearmber* Maior of London,
Ah didſt thou know how *Mary* is perplext,
Soone wouldſt thou come to Wales and rid me of this paine. *Here ſhee dies.*
But oh I die, my wiſhe is al in vaine.

Enter

Enter Lluellen running out before, and Dauid with a halter ready to hang himſelfe. Sc. xvii

Lluellen. The angry Heauens frownd on Brittains face
To Ecclipſe the glorie of faire Cambria, 2350
VVith ſoror aſpectes the dreadful Planets lowre,
Lluellen baſely turne thy backe and flie,
No Welſhmen fight it to the laſt and die.
For if my men ſafely haue got the Bride,
Careles of chance, ile recke no ſowre euent,
Englands broad wombe hath not that armed band,
That can expel *Lluellen* from his land.

Enter Dauid.

Flie Lord of Cambria, flie Prince of VVales,
Sweete brother flie the field is wonne and loſt, 2360
Thou art beſet with Englands furious troupes,
And curſed *Mortimor* like a Lion leades,
Our men haue got the Bride but al in vaine:
The Engliſhmen are come vppon our backes,
Either flee or die for *Edward* hath the day:
For me I haue my reſcue in my hand,
England on me no torments ſhal inflict,
Farewell *Lluellen* while wee meete in Heauen.

Exit Dauid.

Enter Souldiers. 2370

Follow purſue: lie there what ere thou be,

Lluellen is ſlaine with a Pike ſtaffe.

Yet ſoft my hearts let vs his coutenance ſee,
This is the Prince I know him by his face,
O gracious fortune that me happie made,
To ſpoile the weede that chokes faire Cambria,
Hale him from hence and in this buskie wood,
Bury his corps, but for his head I vowed,
I will preſent our gouernour with the ſame.

Exeunt omnes. 2380

Sc. xviii *Enter the Frier with a halter about his necke.*

Frier. Come my gentle *Richard* my trew maſter ſeruant that in ſome ſtormes haue ſtood my maiſter, hang thee I praie thee leaſt I hang for thee, and downe on thy mary bones like a fooliſh fellow, that haue gone farre aſtray and aske forgiuenes of God and king *Edward* for playingt he rachell and the Rebel here in Wales, ah gentle *Richard* many a whot breakefaſt haue wee beene at together, & now ſince, like one of *Mars* his frozen knights I muſt hang vp my weapon vppon this tree and come *per miſericordiam* to the madde Potter *Mortimor*, wring thy handes Frier and ſing a pittiful farewell to thy pikeſtaffe at parting.

Sc. xix *The Frier hauing ſong his farewell to his Pikeſtaffe a takes his leaue of Cambria, and Exit the Frier.*

Enter Mortimor with his ſouldiers, and Elinor.

Mortimor. Binde faſt the Traitor and bring him awaie, that the law maie iuſtly paſſe vppon him and receaue the reward of monſtruous treaſons and villanye, ſtaine to the name and honor of his noble countrey, for you that ſlew *Lluellen* and preſented vs with his heade, the King ſhall reward your fortune and chiualry. Sweet Ladie abate not thy lookes ſo heauenlie to the earth, God and the King of England hath honor for thee in ſtore, and *Mortimors* heart at ſeruice and at thy commaundement.

Elinor. Thankes gentle Lord, but alas who can blame *Elinor* to accuſe her ſtarres, that in one howre hath loſte honor and contentment.

Mort. And in one howr may your Ladiſhippe recouer both, if you vouchſafe ro be aduiſed by your friendes, but what makes the Frier here vpon his mary bones?

Frier.

Frier. O Potter Potter the Frier doth ſue,
Now his olde maiſter is ſlaine and gone to haue anew.

Elinor. Ah ſweet *Lluellen* how thy death I rue.

Mortimor. Well ſaide Frier better once then neuer, giue me thy hand, my cunning ſhall faile me but we will be fellowes yet, and now *Robin Hood* is gone, it ſhall coſt me whot water but thou ſhalt be King *Edwards* man, only I enioyne thee this, come not too neare the Frier but good Frier be at my hand.

Frier. O ſirre noſirre not ſoſirre, a was warned too late-lie none of that fleſh I loue.

Mortimor. Come on, and for thoſe that haue made their ſubmiſsion, and giuen their names in the Kinges name, I pronounce their pardones, and ſo God ſaue K. *Edward.* *Exeunt ambo from Wales.*

Heres thunder and lightning when the Queen comes in. Sc. xx

Enter Queene Elinor and Ione.

Q. Eli. Whie *Ione*, is this the welcome that the clouds affordes, how dare theſe diſturbe our thoughts, knowing that I am *Edwardes* wife and Englands Queen here thus on Charing greene to threaten me?

Ione. Ah mother blaſpheme not ſo, your blaſpheming and other wicked deeds hath cauſed our God to terrifie your thoughts, and call to minde your ſinfull fact committed againſt the Maris here of louely London, and better Maris London neuer bread. ſo full of ruth and pitty to the poore, her haue you made awaie, that London cries for vengeance on your head.

Queene. I rid her not, I made her not awaie, by heauen I ſweare, Traitors they are to *Edward* and to Englandes Queene that ſaie I made awaie the Maris.

Ione. Take heede ſweet Lady mother ſweare not ſo, a field of priſe corne wil not ſtop their mouths, that ſaid you haue made awaie that vertuous woman.

Queen.

Queene. Gape earth and ſwallow me, and let my ſoule
ſincke downe to Hell if I were Autor of that womens
2450 Tragedy, Oh *Ione*, helpe *Ione* thy mother ſinckes.

Ione. Oh mother my helpe is nothing, oh ſhe is ſuncke,
and here the earth is new cloſde vp againe, ah Charinge
greene for euer change thy hew, and neuer may the gras
grow greene againe but wither and returne to ſtones,
becauſe that beauteous *Elinor* ſincke on thee, wel I will
ſend vnto the king my fathers Grace, and ſatisfie him of
this ſtrange miſhap.

Exit Ione.

Sc. xxi *Alarum a charge after long skirmiſhe aſſault floriſhe. Enter King Edward with his traine and Balioll priſoner*
2461 *Edward ſpeaketh.*

Edward. Now trothles King what fruites haue brauing boaſtes,
VVhat end hath Treaſon but a ſoddaine fall?
Such as haue knowne thy life and bringing vp,
Haue praiſed thee for thy learning and thy art,
How comes it then that thou forgetſt thy bookes,
That ſchoold thee to forget ingratitude,
Vnkinde, this hand hath nointed thee a king,
2470 This tongue pronounſt the ſentence of thy ruth,
If thou in lue of mine vnfaigned loue,
Haſt leuied armes for to attempt my crowne,
Now ſee thy fruites, thy gloryes are diſpearſt,
And his, for like ſith thou haſt paſt thy bounds,
Thy ſturdie necke muſt ſtoope to beare this yoke.

Balioll. I tooke this leſſon *Edward* from my booke,
To keepe a iuſt equality of minde,
Content with euery fortune as it comes,
So canſt thou threat no more then I expect.
2480 *Edward* So ſir your moderation is enforſt,
Your goodly gloſes cannot make it good.

Balioll. Then will I keepe in ſilence what I meane,

Since

Since *Edward* thinkes my meaning is not good.
Edmund. Naie *Balioll* ſpeake forth, if there yet remain,
A little remnant of perſwading Art.
Balioll. If cunning haue power to win the king,
Let thoſe imploy it that can flatter him.
If honored deede may reconcile the King,
It lies in me to giue and him to take.
Edward. Why what remaines for *Balioll* now to giue? 2490
Balioll. Alegeance as becomes a roiall king.
Edward. What league of faith where league is broken once?
Balioll. The greater hope in them that once haue falne.
Edward. But fooliſhe are thoſe Monarches that doe yeelde
A conquered Realme vppon ſubmiſsiue vowes.
Balioll. There take my crowne and ſo redeme my life.
Edward. I ſir that was the choiſeſt plea of both, 2500
For who ſo quels the pomp of haughtie windes.
And breakes their ſtaffe, wheron they build their truſt,
Is ſure in wanting power they carrie not harme.
Balioll ſhall liue, but yet within ſuch bounds,
That if his wings grow fllig, they may be clipt.

Enter the Potter and the Potters wife, called the Potters hiue dwelling there, and Iohn her man. Sc. xxii

Potters wife. Iohn come awaie, you goe as though you ſlept, a great knaue and be afraide of a little thundering and lightning. 2510
Iohn. Call you this a little thundering, I am ſure my breeches findes it a great deale, for I am ſure they are ſtuſte with thunder.
Potters wife. They are ſtuſte with a foole, are they not, will it pleaſe you to carrie the lantern a little handſommer, and not to carrie it with your handes in your ſlops.
Iohn. Slops quoth you, woulde I had taried at home

by the fire, and then I ſhould not haue neede to put my hands in my pockets, but ile laie my life I know the rea-
2520 ſon of this fowle weather.

Pot. wife. Doe you know the reaſon ? I praie thee *Iohn* tel me and let me heare this reaſon.

Iohn. I laie my life ſome of your Goſsipſe be cros legd that we came from, but you are wiſe miſtres for you com now awaie and will not ſtaie a goſsiping in a drie houſe all night.

Poaters wife. Would it pleaſe you to walke and leaue of your knauerie, but ſtaie *Iohn*, whats that riſeth out of the ground, Ieſus bleſſe vs *Iohn*, look how it riſeth high-
2530 er and higher.

Iohn. Be my troth miſtres tis a woman, good Lord do women grow, I neuer ſaw none grow before.

Potters wife. Hold thy tongue thou fooliſh knaue, it is the ſpirite of ſome woman.

Queene. Ha let me ſee where am I, on Charing green, I on Charing greene here hard by Weſtminſter, where I was crowned and *Edward* there made King, I tis true ſo it is, and therefore *Edward* kiſſe not me vnleſſe you will ſtraight perfume your lips *Edward.*

2540 *Potters wife. Ora pro nobis Iohn*, I praie fall to your prayers, for my life it is the Queene that chaſes thus, who ſuncke this daie on Charing greene, and now is riſen vp on Potters Hiue, and therfore trulie *Iohn* ile goe to her.

Here let the Potters wife goe to the Queen.

Queene. Welcome good woman, what place is this, ſea or land I pray ſhew to me.

Potters wife. Your Grace neede not to feare you are on firme ground, it is the Potters Hiue, and therfoere cheare your Maieſtie for I wil ſee you ſafe conducted to
2550 the Court, if caſe your highnes be therewithall pleaſed.

Make a noiſe, Westward how.

Queene.

Queene. I good woman conduct me to the court, that there I maie bewaile my ſinfull life, and call to God to ſaue my wretched ſoule, womã what noiſe is this I hear?

Potters wife. And like your Grace it is the Watermen that cals for paſſengers to goe VVeſtward now.

Queene. That fits my turne, for I will ſtraight with them to Kinges towne to the Court, and there repoſe me till the king come home: and therefore ſweete woman conceale what thou haſt ſeene, and leade mee to 2560
thoſe Watermen, for here doth *Elinor* droupe.

Iohn. Come come heres a goodly leading of you is ther not, firſt you muſt make vs afeard, and now I muſt bee troubled in carrying of you, I would you were honeſtly laid in your bed ſo that I were not troubled with you.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter two meſſengers, the one that Dauid ſhall be hangd the other of the Queenes ſincking. Sc. xxiii

1. *Meſ.* Honor and Fortune waite vppon the Crowne
Of Princelie *Edward* Englands valiant king. 2570

Edward. Thanks Meſſenger, and if my God vouchſafe
That winged Honor waite vppon my throne,
Ile make her ſpred her plumbes vppon their heads,
Whoſe true allegeance doth confirme the Crowne,
What news in Wales how wends our buſines there?

2 *Meſſeng* The falſe diſturber of that waſted ſoile,
VVith his adherents is ſurpriſed my King:
And in aſſuraunce he ſhall ſtart no more,
Breathles he lies and headles to my Lordes,
The circumſtance theſe lines ſhal here vnfold. 2580

Edward. A harmfull weede by wiſedome rooted out,
Can neuer hurt the true ingrafted plant,
But whats the newes Sir *Thomas Spencer* bringes?

Spenc. Wonders my Lord, wrapt vp in homely words,
And Letters to infourme your Maieſtie.

Edw. O Heauens, what maie theſe miracles portend?

Nobles my Queene is ſicke but what is more,
Reed brother *Edmund* reede a wondrous chance.

Edmund reedes a line of the Queens ſincking.

2590 *Edmund.* And I not heard nor red ſo ſtrange a thing.
Edward. Sweete Queene this ſincking is a ſurfet tane
Of pride, wherewith thy womans heart did ſwell,
A dangerous maladie in the heart to dwell.
Lords march we towards London now in haſt,
I will goe ſee my louelie *Elinor*,
And comfort her after this ſtrange affright,
And where ſhe is importune to haue talke,
And ſecret conference with ſome Friers of France,
Mun thou with me and I with thee will goe,
2600 And take the ſwete confeſsion of my *Nell*,
We will haue French enough to parlee with the Queen.
Edmund. Might I aduiſe your royall maieſtie,
I would not goe for millions of golde:
What knowes your grace diſguiſed if you wend,
What you may heare in ſecrecy reuealde?
That maie appeale and diſcontent your highnes,
A goodly creature is your *Elinor*,
Brought vp in niceneſſe and in delicacie,
Then liſten not to her confeſsion Lord,
2610 To wound thy heart with ſome vnkinde conceite,
But as for *Lancaſter* he maie not goe.
K. Edward. Brother I am reſolude and goe I will,
If God giue life, and cheare my dying Queene,
Why *Mun*, why man, what ere *King Edward* heares,
It lies in God and him to pardon all.
Ile haue no ghoſtlie Fathers out of France,
England hath learned Clarkes and Confeſſors,
To comfort and abſolue as men may doe,
And ile be ghoſtlie Father for this once.
2620 *Edmund. Edmund* thou maiſt not goe although thou die.

And

And yet how maiſt thou here thy King denie?
Edward is gracious, merciful, meeke and milde,
But furious when he findes he is beguilde.
Edward. Meſſenger hie thee backe to Shrewſbury,
Bid *Mortimor* thy maiſter ſpeede him faſt,
And with his fortune welcome vs to London,
I long to ſee my beauteous louelie Queene.
Exeunt omnes. 2629

Enter Dauid drawne on a hurdle with Mortimor and officers accompanied, with the Frier, the Nouice, the Harper. and Lluellens head on a ſpeare. Sc. xxiv

Frier. On afore, on afore.
Nouice. Hold vp your torches for dropping.
Frier. A faire proceſsion, Sir *Dauid* be of good chear you cannot goe out of the waie hauing ſo manie guides at hand.
Nouice. Be ſure of that, for we goe all the highway to the Gallowes I warrant you.
Dauid. I goe where my ſtarre leads me, and die in my 2640 countreis iuſt cauſe and quarrell.
Harper. The Starre that twinckled at thy birth,
Good brother mine hath mard thy mirth,
An olde ſaide ſaw Earth muſt to earth,
Next yeare will be a pitteous dearth,
Of Hempe I dare laie a pennie:
This yeare is hangde ſo many.
Frier. Well ſaide *Morgan Pigot* Harper, and Prophet for the Kinges one mouth.
Nouice. *Tunda tedi tedo dote dum*, this is the daie the 2650 time is come *Morgan Pigots* prophecie and Lord *Lluellens* Tragedie.
Frier. Who ſaith the Prophet is an Aſſe, whoſe prophecies come ſo to paſſe:
Said he not oft and ſung it to, *Lluellen* after much adoe,
Should in ſpite heaue vp his chin, and be the higheſt of

his kinne:
And ſee aloft *Lluellens* head,
Empalled with a crowne of lead:
2660 My Lord let not this South-ſaire lacke,
That hath ſuch cunning in his iacke.
Harper. Dauid holde ſtill your clacke,
Leaſt your heeles make your necke cracke.
Frier. Gentle Prophet and yee loue me forſpeake me not, tis the worſt lucke in the world to ſturre a witche or anger a wiſe man, maiſter Shiriffe haue wee anie haſt, beſt giue my horſes ſome more haie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sc. xxv *Elinor in child-bed with her daughter Ione, and other Ladies.*

2670 *Qu. Eli.* Cal forth thoſe renowmed Friers come from France,
And raiſe me gentle Ladies in my bed,
That while this faultring engine of my ſpeach,
I leane to vtter my concealed guilt,
I maie reſpect and ſo repent my ſinnes.
Ione. VVhat plague afflicts your roiall Maieſtie?
Qu. Eli. Ah *Ione* I periſh through a double warres,
Firſt in this painfull priſon of my ſoule,
A world of dreadfull ſins holpe thee to fight,
2680 And Nature hauing loſt her working power,
Yeeldes vp her earthlie Fortunes vnto death.
Next ouer VVar my ſoule is ouer preaſt,
In thee my Conſcience loaden with miſdeedes,
Sittes ſeeing my Conſcience to enſue,
VVithout eſpeciall fauour from aboue.
Ione. Your Grace muſt account it a warriors croſſe,
To makereſiſt where daunger there is none,
Superdewe your Feuer by precious Art,
And helpe you ſtill through hope of heauenlie aide.
2690 *Qu. Eli.* The careleſſe ſleepe rule on the mountaines toppes,

That

That ſee the Sea-man floating on the ſwerge,
The threatning windes comes ſpringing with the flouds
To ouerwhelme and drowne his craiſed keele,
His tackes torne, his ſailes borne ouer boarde.
How pale like *Vallowe* flowres the mountaine ſtandes?
Vppon his hatches waiting for his iearke,
Wringing his hands that ought to plaie the pompe,
Maie blame his feare that laboreth not for life.
So thou poore ſoule maie tell a ſeruile tale, 2700
Maie councell me, but I that prooue thy paine,
Maie heare thee talke, but not redreſſe my harme,
But ghaſtlie death alreadie is addreſt,
To gleane the lateſt bloſſome of my life,
My ſpirite failes me, are theſe Friers come?

Enter the King and his brother in Friers weede.

King. Dominus vobiſcum.
Edmund. Et cum ſpiritu tuo.
Qu. Elinor. Draw neare graue Fathers, and approche my bed: 2710
Forbeare our preſence Ladies for a while,
And leaue vs to our ſecret conference.
King. What cauſe hath moued your roiall Maieſtie,
To call your ſeruaunts from their countreis bounds?
For to attend your pleaſure here in Englands court?
Qu. Eli. See you not holie Friers mine eſtate,
My bodie weake inclining to my graue.
Edm. We ſee and ſorrow for thy paine faire Queene.
Qu. Eli. By this eternall ſignes of my defectes,
Friers conſecrate mine ineternall griefe, 2720
My ſoule, ah wretched ſoule within this breſt,
Faint for to mount the Heauens with wings of grace,
A hundred by flocking troupes of ſinne,
That ſtop my paſſage to my wiſhed howres.
King. The nearer *Elinor*, ſo the greateſt hope of health,
And daine to vs for to impart your quiet.

Who

VVho by our praiers and counſaile ought to arme,
Aſpiring ſoules to ſcale the heauenly grace.
Qu. Eli. Shame and remorſe doth ſtop my courſe of
2730 ſpeach.
King. Madam you need not dread our conference,
VVho by the order of the holy Church,
Are all annoynted to ſacred ſecrecie.
Qu. Eli. Did I not thinke, naie were I not aſſured,
Your wiſedomes would be ſilent in that cauſe,
No feare could make me to bewraie my ſelfe,
But gentle fathers I haue thought it good,
Not to relie vppon theſe Engliſhmen,
But on your trothes, you holy men of Fraunce,
2740 Then as you loue your life and Englands weale,
Keepe ſecret my Confeſsion from the king,
For why my ſtorie nearelie toucheth him,
Whoſe loue compared with my loſſe delights.
With manie ſorrowes that my heart affrights.
Edmund. My heart miſgiues.
King. Be ſilent, follow Frier.
Qu. Eli. In pride of youth when I was yong and faire,
And gracious in the king of Englands ſight,
The daie before that night his Highnes ſhould,
2750 Poſſeſſe the pleaſure of my wedlockes bed,
Caitife accurſed monſter as I was,
His brother *Edmund* beautifull and young,
Vppon my bridall couch by my concent,
Enioies the flowre and fauour of my loue.
The King beholdeth his brother wofully.
And I becam a Traitreſſe to my Lord.
King. Facinus ſcelus, in fandum nefas.
Edm. Madam, through ſickenes, weakenes, and your wittes, twere verie good to bethinke your ſelfe before
2760 you ſpeake.
Qu. Eli. Good father not ſo weake but that I wot,
My heat doth rent to thinke vpon the time,
But whie exclaimes this holie Frier ſo?

Oh

Oh praie then for my faults religious man.
King. Tis charitie in men of my degree,
To ſorrow for our neighbours hainous ſinnes:
And Madam, though ſome promiſe loue to you
And zeale to *Edmund* brother to the King,
I praie the Heauens you both maie ſoone repent.
But might it pleaſe your Highnes to proceede, 2770
Vnto this ſinne a worſer doth ſucceede.
Qu. Eli. For *Ione* of *Acon* the ſuppoſed child,
And daughter of my Lord the Engliſh King:
Is baſelie borne begotten of a Frier.
Such time as I was their anued in Fraunce,
His onelie true and lawfull ſonne my frendes,
He is my hope, his ſonne that ſhould ſucceed.
Is *Edward* of *Carnaruan* latelie borne,
Now all the ſcruples of my troubled minde,
I ſighing ſound within your reuerent eares, 2780
Oh praie for pittie, praie for I muſt die.
Remitte my God the follie of my youth,
My groaned ſpirites attends thy mercies ſeate,
Queene Elinor dies.
Fathers farewell, commend me to my King,
Commend me to my children and my friends,
And cloſe mine eies for death will haue his due.
King. Bluſhing I ſhut theſe thine inticing lampes,
The wanton baites that make me ſucke my bane,
Pirpus hardned flames did neuer reflect, 2790
More hidious flames then from my breſt ariſe,
VVhat fault more vilde vnto thy deareſt Lord?
Our daughter baſe begotten of a Prieſt,
And *Ned* my brother partner of my loue,
Oh that thoſe eies that lightned *Ceſars* braine,
Oh that thoſe lookes that maſtered *Phucebus* brand,
Or elſe thoſe lookes that ſtaine *Meliſaes* farre,
Should ſhrine diſcreet deſire and lawles luſt,
Vnhappie King diſhonored in thy ſtocke,
Hence faigned weedes, vnfaigned is my griefe. 2800

Edm. Dread Prince my brother if my vowes auaile,
I call to witnes Heauen in my behalfe,
If zealous praier might driue you from ſuſpect,
I bend my knees and humblie craue this boone,
That you will driue miſdeedes out of your minde,
Maie neuer good betide my life my Lord,
If once I dreamde vppon this damned deede,
But my deceaſed ſiſter and your Queene,
Afflicted with recureleſſe maladies,
2810 Impatient of her paine grew lunatick,
Diſcouering errors neuer dreamde vppon,
To proue this true the greateſt men of all,
Within their learned volumes doe diſcord,
That all extreames, and al and in naught but extremes,
Then thinke oh King her agonie in death,
Bereaues her ſence and memorie at once,
So that ſhee ſpoke ſhee knew nor how nor what.

King. Sir ſir, fain would your highnes hide your faults,
By cunning vowes and gloſing tearmes of Arte,
2820 And well thou maiſt delude theſe liſtning eares,
Yet neuer aſſwage by proofe this iealous heart,
Traitor thy head ſhal raunſome my diſgrace,
Daughter of darkenes, whoſe accurſed bowre,
The Poet fained to liue vppon *Auernus*,
Whereas *Cimerians* darkenes checks the Sun,
Dauids iealouſie afflict me not ſo ſore,
Faire Queene *Elinor* could neuer be ſo falſe,
I but ſhee vowed theſe treaſons at her death,
A time not fitte to faſhion monſtrous lies,
2830 Ah my vngratefull brother as thou art,
Could not my loue, naie more could not the law,
Naie further, could not nature thee allure,
For to refraine from this inceſtuous ſinne,
Haſt from my ſight, call *Ione* of *Acon* here,

Exit Edmund.

The luke-warme ſpring diſtilling from his eies,
His othes, his vowes, his reaſons reſted with remorce,

From

From forth his breaſt impoiſoned with ſuſpect,
Faine would I deeme that falſe I finde too true.

Enter Ione of Acone. 2840

I come to know what Englands King commands,
I wonder why your Highnes greetes me thus.
With ſtrange regarde and vnacquainted tearmes.
Ki. Ah *Ione* this wonder needes muſt wound thy breſt,
For it hath well nigh ſlaine my wretched heart.
Ione. What is the Queen my ſoueraigne mother dead
Woes in vnhappie Ladie we begonne?
King. The Queene is dead, yet *Ione* lament not thou,
Poore ſoule guiltles art thou of this deceite,
That hath more cauſe to curſe then to complaine. 2850
Ione. My dreadful ſoule aſſailed with dolefull ſpeach,
Ioynes me to bow my knees vnto the ground,
Beſeeching your moſt roiall Maieſtie,
To rid your woefull daughter of ſuſpect.
King. I daughter *Ione*, poore ſoule thou art deceaued,
The King of England is no ſcorned Prieſt.
Ione. Was not the Ladie *Elinor* your ſpouſe,
And am not I the ofspring of your loins?
King. I but when Ladies liſte to runne aſtraie,
The poore ſuppoſed father weares the horne, 2860
And pleating leaue their Liege in Princes laps,
Ione thou art daughter to a leacherous Frier,
A Frier was thy father hapleſſe *Ione*,
Thy mother in profeſsion vowes no leſſe,
And I vilde wretch which ſorrowed hard no leſſe,
Ione. What am I then a Friers baſe borne brat?
Preſumptuous wretch why preaſſe I fore my king,
How can I looke my husband in the face?
Why ſhould I liue ſince my renowne is loſt?
Awaie thou wanton weede, hence worlds delight. 2870

Shee fals groueling on the ground.

Porce ine abba ſsa come vint o et ſtanco,
Defluer chain bocea il fren gli ſproni al fianco.

King. O ſommo Dio come i guidneo humani,
Speſſe off uſcan ſon danu membo oſcunro,
Hapleſſe and wretched, lift vp thy heauie head,
Nurſe not ſo much as this vnhappie chance,
Vnconſtant Fortune ſtill will haue her courſe.
Ione. My King, my King, let Fortune haue her courſe
2880 Flie thou my ſoule and take a better corſe,
Aies me from roiall ſtate I now am falne.
You purple ſprings that wander in my vaines,
And whilom wants to feede my heauie heart,
Now all at once make haſt and pittie me,
And ſtop your powers and change your natiue courſe,
Diſolue to aire your luke-warme blouddie ſtreames,
And ceaſe to be that I maie be no more,
Your curled lockes draw from this curſed head,
Abaſe her pompe, for *Ione* is baſelie borne,
2890 Ah *Gloſter* thou poore *Gloster* haſt the wrong.
Shee ſodainly dies at the Queenes beds feete.
Die wretch, hate death, for *Ione* hath liued too long.
King. Reuiue thee haples Ladie greeue not thus,
In vaine ſpeake I for ſhee reuiues no more,
Poore hapleſſe ſoule thy owne eſpected mones,
Hath wrought her ſoddaine and vntimelie death.
Enter Edmund, Gloſter, running with Ladies and conuaies Ione of Acon awaie.
Lords, Ladies haſt, ah *Gloſter* art thou come,
2900 Then muſt I now preſent a Tragedie,
Thy *Ione* is dead, yet grieue thou not her fall,
Shee was too baſe a ſpouſe for ſuch a Prince.
Gloſter. Conſpire you then with Heauens to work my harmes?
O ſweete aſſwagers of our martiall miſſe,
Deſired death depriue me of my life,
That I in death maie end my life and loue.
King. Gloſter thy King is partner of thy heauines,
Although nor tongue nor eies bewraie his meane,
2910 For I haue loſt a flowre as faire as thine,

A loue more deare, for *Elinor* is dead,
But ſince the heauenlie ordinance decrees,
That all thinges change in their prefixed time,
Be thou content and beare it in thy breaſt,
Thy ſwelling griefe as needes I muſt mine,
Thy *Ione* of *Acon* and my Queene deceaſt,
Shall haue that Honor as beſeemes their ſtate.
You peeres of England, ſee in roiall pompe,
Theſe breathles bodies be entombed ſtraight,
With tried colours couered all with blacke, 2920
Let Spaniſh ſteedes as ſwift as fleeting winde,
Conuaie theſe Princes to their funerall,
Before them let a hundred mourners ride,
In euerie time of their enforſte aboade,
Reare vp a croſſe in token of their worke,
Whereon faire *Elinors* picture ſhall be plaſte,
Arriued at London neare our Pallas bounds,
Interre my louelie *Elinor* late deceaſt,
And in remembraunce of her roialtie,
Erect a rich and ſtatelie carued Croſſe, 2930
Whereon her ſtature ſhall with glorie ſhine,
And hence forth ſee you call it Charing croſſe,
For why the chanceſſ and the choiſeſt Queene,
That euer did delight my roiall eies,
Their dwell in darkenes whilſt I die in griefe,
But ſoft, what tidings with theſe Purciuants?

Enter Meſſenger approch from Mortimor.

Meſſenger. Sir *Roger Mortimor* with all *Suſſex* as earſte your Grace by meſſage did commaund, is here at hande in purpoſe to preſent your Highnes with his ſignes of vi- 2940 ctorie, and trothles *Balioll* their accurſed King, with fire and ſword doth threat Northumberland.

King. How one affliction cals another ouer.
Firſt death torments me, then I feele diſgrace,
Againe *Lluellen* he rebels in VVales,
And falſe *Balioll* meanes to braue me to,
But I will finde prouiſion for them all,

My conſtancie ſhall conquer death and ſhame,
And *Mortimor* tis thou muſt haſt to wales,
2950 And rouſe that Rebel from his ſtarting holes,
And rid thy King of his contentious foe,
VVhilſt I with *Elinor*, *Gloſter*, and the reſt,
With ſpeedie iourney gather vp our force,
And beat theſe brauing Scots from out our bounds,
Courage braue Souldiers fates hath done their worſt,
Now Vertue let me triumphe in thine aide.

Exite Edward.

Gloſter ſolus.

Gloſter. Now *Ione* of *Acon* let me mourne thy fal,
2960 Sole here alone now ſet thee downe and ſigh,
Sigh haples *Gloſter* for thy ſodaine loſſe,
Pale death alas hath banniſhed all thy pride,
Thy wedlocke vowes how ought haue I beheld?

Enter Mortimor with the head.

Thy eies thy lookes thy lippes and euerie part,
How nature ſtore in them to ſhew their Art,
In ſhine, in ſhape, in colour and compare,
But now hath death the enemie of loue,
Staind and deformed, the ſhine, the ſhape, the reede,
2970 With pale and dimnes, and my loue is dead.
Ah dead my loue, vile wretch whie am I liuing?
So willeth fates, and I muſt be contented,
All pompe in time muſt fade and grow to nothing,
VVept I like *Nobe*, yet it profits nothing,
Then ceaſe my ſighs ſince I maie not regaine her,
And woe to wretched death that thus hath ſlaine her.

Exit Gloſter.

Yours. By George Peele Maiſter of Artes in Oxenford.

Finis.

m-5